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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

MR. WAYT'S WIFE'S Sister.

SEE FOURTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The sweetness of the night is always there;
Shy Philomela only garners it
Together, and gives back unto the air
What in the book of night before was writ
Who hears her voice hears in it no new song
But one that does unto all time belong.

Pass out into the night when sound is stilled,
When overhead the sky with stars is strewn,
The silence is with floating cadence filled
While Philomela gathers into tune,
Who hears her voice hears in it no new song,
But one that does unto all time belong.
—[St. James's Gazette.

A SPRING DAY.

At early morn we watched the rain;
The drops fell thick and fast
And beat against the window pane,
While fiercely blew the blast.

The whirling snowflakes filled the air,
As older grew the day;
At noon, behind a prancing pair,
We drove out in a sleigh.

At eve upon a flowery bank
We watched the glorious dyes
Of sunset as the day-god sank
From sight in Western skies.
—[Boston Courier.

AN HOUR OF TRIAL.

His arm was round my shoulder laid,
He pressed my head against his breast;
I sighed, but not a word was said,
I felt his heart beat through his vest.

The winds of May blew sweet without,
I thought of fairns at home so fair;
And good man, too, would bring, no doubt
(The hour grew late), I was not there.

His fingers warm upon my cheek,
Still toward his eyes compelled my face,
I only felt; I could not speak,
Fast fettered in that close embrace.

Pain racked, sore tried, I fain would flee,
His voice my futile struggle stilled;
"Madam, a little patience. See!"
I rise, I smile. My front tooth's filled.
—[American Dentist.

WHERE APPLE BLOSSOMS BLOW.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow;
Softly now the fragrant boughs are swinging.
Greet me when the moon begins to glow,
And in the place the whippoorwills are singing.
With loyal heart a-beat,
Oh, haste with flying feet,
And shame the sluggish hours that wing too slow.
The day was long and dreary,
My heart is worn and weary.
I count the laggard moments as they go,
Love,
Oh,
Meet me where apple blossoms blow.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow;
Let the floating petals flake your tresses,
Breathing us a benison below,
Crowning our betrothal with caresses.
Far in the upper deep,
The stars are now a-peep,
The drowsy river murmurs in its flow.
I hear its voice repeating,
"Life's blossom-time is fleeting,"
Ah! let us catch the fragrance ere it go,
Love,
Oh,
Meet me where the apple blossoms blow!
—[Samuel Minturn Peck in Home Journal.

Our Story Teller.

THE LAST HYMN.

Uncle Frank had come from his home in Illinois to make us a visit, for the first time in so many years that none but we older children could remember when he was with us last. But it took only a short time for the little ones to become acquainted. All were charmed by his interesting stories, his kindly, genial manner, and hearty participation in their amusements.

The week after his arrival had been a constant succession of pleasant surprises, for each day developed some new power of entertainment in our favorite uncle. When Sunday came we had shown off our fine-looking relative at church with very evident delight, had listened to his interesting remarks before the Sunday school, and then, after our early supper, had gathered around the organ in the parlor to try and entertain him in return, and, possibly, to exhibit our proficiency in music with very innocent pride.

We had all inherited good voices from our father, who had taken great pride and pleasure in our musical training, until from Emma, the eldest, to "wee bit" Mabel, our darling little 3-year-old, we could sing anything we ever heard.

To-night Lonie presided at the organ, with Emma beside her, and Arthur and Will at either hand, while Mabel was nestling in Uncle Frank's arms—her favorite resting-place.

She was a darling little pet with all—the youngest of our large family, and peculiarly dear, for two lovely little ones had whirled just before her birth.

Uncle Frank was strongly attached to her, for she bore the name of the beloved wife he had lost several years before, and of whom he never spoke save with tender reverence and tear-dimmed eyes.

We sung one after another of our favorite hymns, "Rock of Ages," "Whiter Than Snow," "Ninety and Nine," etc., until at last Louise played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We all joined in filling the room with the sweet music of the dear old hymn.

"'Till all my sorn s'all be,
Ne'er my Dord to 'ee,"

sung dear little Mable in her clear, sweet voice, and with such earnestness in her baby face that Uncle Frank drew the dear child closer in his arms, and caressed the soft flushed cheek.

There was a pause after the last "Nearer, My God, to Thee," swelled out with our united voices; the twilight was creeping on and a sweet, solemn hush followed, which was broken at last by Uncle Frank.

"That recalls one of the sweetest, saddest memories of my life," he said, gently.

"Oh, tell a 'tory, Uncle Frank!" Mabel cried, climbing to her feet and laying her arm around his neck, her soft cheek against his.

"It was about another Mabel—a little older than you are," he said, returning her caress.

"Do please tell us about her," Lou said, and we all drew nearer in eager expectation of another of his interesting stories.

"It was one summer night, a year or two ago," he began, drawing Mabel to her old place on his knee. "I was returning from Peoria on a train well filled with excursionists for Niagara Falls; we were heavily loaded, and a little behind time, so were putting on all steam and dashing along through the darkness at a rapid rate.

"Near me were quite a large party, who were very merry and social together. Two of them sat directly in front of me—a fine-looking man of about 40 and a little girl of same 12 or 13 years, evidently his daughter. She was a slender, delicate-looking child, and her face attracted me strongly; it seemed a reflection of heaven itself, it was so sweet and lovable in expression. In the mirror at the front of the car, just a little ahead of us, I could see them distinctly, and could not help watching with growing interest, the lovely face of the child. She had removed her hat, and her head, with its masses of soft, wavy, brown hair, lay against her father's arm, while her eyes of clearest, deepest hazel were raised at frequent intervals to his face with a look of devoted love.

"The faces of both seemed familiar, yet I could not at first recall where I had seen them. At last it came to me—he was a physician from a neighboring city, who had attended your Aunt Mabel in a slight illness when we were visiting in his town a few years before, and the little girl accompanied him on one of his visits. I had occasion to call your aunt by her name, and the doctor, looking up with a smile, laid his hand affectionately on the head of his child, saying: 'This is my Mabel.'

"I recalled hearing at that time that the mother of the little girl was dead, and so devoted were the doctor and his child to each other they were never separated except from absolute necessity.

"I observed them with renewed interest after recalling this, and noticed all the tender solicitude for her comfort on the part of the father and the confiding, devoted love of the child.

"As the hour grew late, and some of the party began to nod wearily, some one struck up a familiar hymn; their voices filled the car, and all brightened up under the influence of the music. Hymn after hymn was sung, until there was a pause after 'Sweet Beulah Land,' and I leaned forward and asked: 'Will you sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee?"'

"'Oh, certainly, with pleasure,' the little Mabel said, turning to me with one of her sweet, expressive smiles. 'It is papa's favorite, and mine, also.'

"One of the party started it, and clear above all the rush and roar of the train rung out that most beautiful of all our old hymns. Never had it seemed so sweet, so comforting, before:

"'Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,'

sung the clear young voices as our train sped on through the darkness only a slender rail between us and eternity.

"In the mirror I watched with pleasure the child before me. Her eyes were raised, and her face wore the rapt expression of a musical enthusiast and a religious devotee.

"'There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven,'

she sung, and her eyes seemed looking straight through the shining portals into the Celestial city, and her face to catch a gleam from its radiadce.

"'Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee.'"

"In imagination I almost saw the angels beckoning the dear child, as I watched the glow of enthusiasm, the rapt expression of devotion in the sweet face.

"The doctor was watching her, also, and a shadow of pain passed suddenly across his countenance. With a quick movement he drew his child nearer, as if he, too, felt the presence of angelic visitants, and would fain hold his darling back from their welcoming arms.

"On rushed the train; clearer and sweeter sounded the music.

"'Or if on joyous wings,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.'

"The glow deepened on the beautiful face, the eyes were filled with the light of holy rapture, of intense devotion, and on the wings of her enthusiasm I, too, was borne upward, when suddenly there was a terrible shock, a crash, the falling of heavy bodies, crushing into us and hurling us down from a great height. The lights went out, and through the darkness and terror, the indescribable confusion, echoed cries for help, shrieks and groans and prays."

Uncle Frank paused as the memory of the terrible scene pressed upon him.

"Was it Chatsworth?" I asked as soon as I could command my voice. "And how did you escape?"

"Yes, it was Chatsworth," he said. "I was saved miraculously, I scarcely know how; but I was only stunned and bruised, and was among the first to escape from the wreck."

"And 'ee pitty 'ittle dirl?" Mabel asked, her eyes fixed anxiously on his face.

"Oh, Mabel! little darling!" Uncle Frank said with deep emotion, clasping the dear form closer in his arms, "how can you understand that the other Mabel—the sweet little singer—was found under all that wreck, next day, clasped closely in the arms of her dead father. Death had come so suddenly that her face still wore the look of holy rapture—of sweet peace I had seen upon it last. Surely the angels had beckoned her, and the dear Lord had answered her unconscious prayer and drawn her nearer to himself."

JAKE'S DIVERSION.

His Intentions Were not Quite Carried Out.

"Dot boy Shake—dot boy Shake!" he mournfully repeated, as a friend asked him if he was no longer in business in St. Louis.

"Jake is your son?"

"Yes, my son; my idiot."

"What did Jake do?"

"Vhell, I goes oop to Chicago to see my sister, who vhas dead. Shake vhas left to run der store. Peesness vhas a leedle off, und Shake plans dot he vhill make a diversion. I belief it vhas a diversion, but my head aches so hard I vhas not sure."

"Yes, it was probably a diversion."

"Vhell, he goes down celler, und starts a leedle fire—not mooch, but shust enough to bring out der engines und a crowd, und smoke up der goods. It vhas for a great fire sale, you know—goods slightly damaged—fifteen dollar suits for five—greatest bonanza for working peoples eafer known in St. Louis."

"I see."

"But he gets too much fire, und avhay goes der house, der clothing, und der peesness."

"But you were insured?"

"So help me gracious, but der policies run out at noon, und Shake makes dot diversion at 5 o'clock in the afternoon! All vhas gone oop—all except a determination to go to work und build up anew. I vhas shust starting in a small vhay again. Maybe you like me to sell you a better suit dan you haf on for four dollar—all wool, well made, indigo dye, und computed to stand in any climate?—[N. Y. Sun.

A Tattooed Petition.

"We find strange mementoes on some of our bodies," said an undertaker to a Montreal *Star* reporter.

"The other day we were preparing the body of an unknown for burial. He had met a violent death, but there was the most serene expression on his face that I ever saw on any one.

"When we dressed him for the grave we found the Lord's prayer beautifully written in India ink on his forearm. It was as fine a piece of tattooing as I ever saw, and it set me to thinking that perhaps that was what he depended on for comfort and that gave the peaceful look to his face."

Sure That They Would Stay.

Arthur Wyman, the bright little 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wyman, is now in Washington slowly recovering from an illness of nearly three months, says the Boston *Courier*.

One day, when too weak to raise a hand, those about him in attendance were wishing they could think of something he could eat and retain. In a feeble voice the little patient said:

"I know something that will stay on my stomach!"

His mother, delighted to think there was anything the child felt he could relish, asked:

"What is it?"

"A poultice," he replied.

What's the Use of a Cable?

Captain of Ocean Greyhound—We've struck an iceberg, and the ship's filling with water! Passengers must prepare to take to the boats!

Excited Passenger—Can't you do anything to save the ship, captain?

Captain—Nothing whatever.

Excited Passenger—Goodness gracious! Why don't you telegraph for assistance at once?—[Light.

Big and Little Shavers.

The small boy with a bad cold is very apt to be up to snuff.—[Merchant Traveller.

Isn't it strange that there are no silent partners in the barbering business.—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Barbers know everybody. When a stranger stops at the door for a look in, they say: "You are next"—[New Orleans Picayune.

A Blasted Career.

Mrs. O'Dughan—It's sorry Oi am, Mrs. Galloway, to hear as how y'r son was goin' ter the bad. Sure, now, Oi t'ought some foin day he'd be a great aldermon, er congressmon, or somet'ing.

Mrs. Galloway (sadly)—Yes, Mrs. O'Dughan, the bye had the makin' av a ghreat shtatesmon in 'im, only his head was a little wake, an' he on'dn't shtand the phuskey.—[Puck.

DIVIDED SKIRTS.

A Drummer Tried to Sell Them and Was Sold.

Mr. Freeman, commercial traveler from New York: In my line of samples I carry some of the new-fangled divided skirts. Of course there is no curiosity about these among city people. But it is quite amusing to try them on the country towns. Not long ago I made a stop in a sprightly little city on the Illinois Central. I got my samples arranged and went out to solicit an inspection. At the close of my first day's work I was waited upon by several merchants who asked me if I had any objection to their wives coming over to inspect the new fangled skirts. Of course I had not. It was right into my hand. The ladies came and stopped in the parlor. I gave them one of the samples, and they closed and locked the door. But their troubles had just commenced, and after repeated endeavors to grapple with the combination according to my instructions, one lady became so hopelessly involved that I had to send post-haste for a modiste to extricate her.

But I didn't sell any divided skirts that time. The next day was Saturday. I went to one of the merchants—the one whose wife had got mixed up in the affair the night before—and told him if his wife would accept the skirts and wear them the next day I would make her a present of them. I was afraid that she would tell her experience with them and spoil my future efforts. She was agreeable, and out to her home the skirts went with my compliments. I went around town quietly and gave it away that Mrs. —— would wear the new divided skirts to church on the morrow.

Wait till I tell you.

The next day that church was jammed to the sidewalk. The poor preacher couldn't imagine what was up. He thought it was a donation party. He happened to be a new man in town, and I suppose he thought everybody had turned out to hear him on that account.

But the joke was on the people and me. Mrs. —— did not appear. I was waiting on the outside of the church for her and her husband to come. Her husband came. He said she had got the blamed things mixed again and couldn't get down in time. Said she was sorry, but that she would practice on them during the week.

Well, I had to pay the bill of course. But I didn't mind that, for I had a carload of fun out of the whole affair. —[Chicago Tribune.

A Literary Pitfall.

She (over an ice)—Do you care for Ibsen at all?

He (who has never heard of him)—Ye-es; I rather think I do.

She—Yet you speak as if you did not especially admire him.

He (to gain time)—Oh, really, you know, that is hardly fair——

She—At least you will grant that he is original. "A Doll's House," for instance, is quite unlike anything else of the sort.

He (not knowing whether it's a book, picture, or musical composition)—Original, yes, perhaps, but [pulling his mustache] don't you think it's—er—rather faulty, too?

She—Why, no; I thought the plot strong and interesting.

He (relieved at last to have caught on)—Oh, yes, interesting without doubt, but [lotfily] I'm rather tired, don't you know, of children's stories since the Fauntleroy craze.—[Life.

Simple Social Requisites.

"J. B.," of Boston, writes to inquire if an educated and cultured man could find such society here as would help him to feel at home, quotes the Detroit *Free Press* from *Arizona Kicker*:

That's according. If you come with your neighbor's wife—if you come to keep out of the way of the sheriff—if you leave your right name in Boston and come out here to take another, you will find society which will fit you like an old shoe.

But if you are a straight man, and calculate to call at the postoffice by daylight for your mail, and you intend to be visible when the stage comes in, you may be somewhat disappointed in our people.

We are warm hearted, but peculiar. If the boys didn't happen to take to you, it would cost your friends something to send for the remains.

The Queen Late at Church.

There was a curious incident at the church at Aix-les-Bains on a recent Sunday, connected with the visit of the Queen of England. The Queen, who will not enter church unless during singing, for fear of disturbing the service, generally arrives for the litany. On this Sunday the usual hymn before the litany was sung, but still there were no signs of the royal party. Another and another hymn were given out and sung through, but still the Queen did not arrive. Then came a royal servant, who placed a stool and retired, and during the fourth hymn the royal party arrived—just in time, for the choir had got to the end of all the suitable hymns that they knew. The Queen was annoyed at her carriage not being in readiness, which made her late.

A Plucky Little Girl.

There is a little girl up at North Stonington, Conn., who possesses rare presence of mind. She is Susie Bromley, aged 8 years. A few days ago, while in her father's barn, she put her hand into the hay cutter, gave the crank a turn, and out dropped three of her tiny fingers, nicely sliced off. Without stopping to cry, little Susie calmly picked up the fingers and took them to the house. Her mother immediately hitched up a team and drove her child to the family doctor, who neatly attached the several fingers to the stumps. Though he took some chances of failure in the operation it is now reported that the fingers are growing on again beautifully, and the doctor says they will be just as good as ever.—[Seattle Press.

Bismarck Gets a Queer Present.

According to a Hamburg contemporary, two workmen are still employed at Friedrichsruh to open the boxes with Prince Bismarck's birthday gifts. On opening one of them the workmen were terror-stricken as they uncovered a figure of the evil one. It was one of artistic value, carved in wood in a seventeenth century costume. In the extended hand, the fingers of which were connected with fins, Mephistopheles held a letter—the dedication of the donor, a Berlin gentleman, who had brought the figure from Italy, and now offered it as his most valued possession to Prince Bismarck on his birthday.—[London Daily News.

Le Haute Monde.

Nellie—But I don't like strawberries this time of the year, auntie; I'd rather wait a month until they are sweeter and better.

Auntie—Yes, I dare say you would prefer to wait until they are hawked about the streets. Well, child, if you do not like sour berries now better than sweet ones when they are to be had by the commonest sort of people, you are sadly lacking in the first elements of exclusiveness.—[Life.

The Small Boy Makes More Trouble.

Young Man (to little brothef of girl on whom he has called)—Does your sister Ella ever speak of me, Johnnie?

Little Brother—Yes, often and often.

Young Man—What does she say?

Little Brother—Well, she said to pa once, when pa said you were rather fresh looking, that she didn't think you knew enough to go in when it rained; but that don't matter, for I see you've brought your umbrella.

Last on the Bill of Fare.

First Little Girl—"What did you have for your birthday?"

Second do. do.—"Oh, ever so many things! Toys and games and caramels and creams and charlotte russe and strawberries and eclairs and cream chips and—and"——

"What else?"

"Colic."—[Boston Times.

The Demand was Large.

Mrs. Chaffer—What, 20 cents apiece for those small cabbages! That's a pretty high price.

Grocer—Yes, ma'am, but cabbages are scarce and dear. You see there are several large cigar factories right near here. —[Light.

THE FAIR THEOSOPHIST.

She cares not for the worldly things
That entertain the rest of us;
She soars, on spiritual wings,
Far, far above the rest of us.
She smiles, but yet declines to mix,
With diffident apology,
In mothers' meetings, politics,
Lawn tennis, or theology.

Complacent, self-possessed, and cool,
Though curates come soliciting,
She will not teach the Sunday school,
Nor venture district visiting.
On church bazaars she sets no store,
Nor tickles our hilarity
By singing "Ask a-p'liceman!" for
The sacred cause of charity.

So elevated is her mind,
This life is far too rough for her,
And orthodoxy cannot find
A heaven good enough for her.
She asks, and we forgive the sin
In charming femininity,
She asks to be a Hindu in
Thibet, or the vicinity.

Severe the task! Yet she has found
The proper means of learning it;
She sits beside a table round
And tries her hand at turning it.
Severe the task! But who shall mock
The skill she soon will get in it,
Who sees her take a cuckoo clock,
And find a cigarette in it?

How fair the vision when she plies
Her search by hook or crook for it!
What depth of meaning in those eyes,
That wander round to look for it!
Such quests, I well can understand,
May rob the time of tedium:
So let her hold me by the hand,
And I will be her medium.
—[Pall Mall Gazette.

$1,000 FOR NOTHING.

A Doctor Charged a Fee for Saying the Patient Would Die.

Doctors, no matter how prominent they are, can't begin to demand the fees that physicians of comparative standing can in New York city. I happen to have personal knowledge of a case in point.

New York's most successful heart and lung specialist has a practice that is estimated at $80,000 a year. This is not a large estimate. He was one day summoned to the bedside of a very wealthy banker, who lived up in Connecticut, over 100 miles from New York city. The eminent physician was ushered into the sick man's room as soon as he arrived. It took him just five minutes to form his opinion, without resorting to scarcely any examination.

When the physician came out of the sick room, the brother of the banker said: "Well, Dr. ——, what do you think?"

"Your brother will not live 24 hours," was the laconic reply.

"That's what our physician here has told us, but we didn't know but what there might be chance for him."

"None whatever."

"What is your bill, doctor?"

"It will be $1,000."

"Wha—at!" exclaimed the other. "Why, that is outrageous. You havn't done a thing for us."

"I have abandoned my practice in New York for a whole day to come up here in response to your imperative summons. You wanted to know just what your brother's chances of life are. You have found out. My bill is $1,000 no more and no less. I shan't abate one cent of it, unless I make it nothing. You can take your choice between these two courses, for I wouldn't sue you if you refused to pay."

A check for $1,000 was made out to the physician's order. The banker died three hours later.—[Minneapolis Tribune.

A MUSICAL OWL.

Injustice Done to One of the Feathered Tribe.

Often in the evening, an hour or so after sunset, the out-door-naturalist may hear from the shade of a thick hemlock, or from a grove in some ravine, a prolonged, quavering note, writes Ernest E. Thompson in *St. Nicholas*. Though tinged with melancholy, it is soft and musical, and it is indeed as Lowell says, one of the sweetest sounds in nature. And yet this is the characteristic note of the bird which has gained, for reasons unknown, the unpleasant name of "screech owl."

This pretty little owl, perhaps the prettiest of the family, is but slightly longer than a robin, but looks much larger on account of the fluffy feathers and large head. It is found in temperate North America, and is quite common in most of the Eastern states. Generally it lives in the woods, but it is found also of frequenting barns, old orchards and groves near the water.

It is very courageous and can kill other birds as large as itself, but usually it preys on mice and grasshoppers. Its mousing abilities are so wonderful that it has been aptly named "the feathered cat," and its great yellow eyes, ear-like tufts and night-prowling habits all unite to make the name suitable.

The soft call already described is really the love note of this owl. It is its song, just as much as the prolonged chantings of any of our common birds are their songs, and it will be heard oftenest in the early spring, although it is not unusual for this owl to sing nearly the whole year round.

Here, then, we have in this little owl an example of bravery, industry and cheerfulness, and these qualities are shown by the very bird of all others that is least credited with them; for, if names and reputation are to count for anything, surely the very last bird to which we would look for an example of courage and merriment would be an owl, and above all, a screech owl.

LETTERS OF CREDIT.

"I do not like my name," she said;
Cried he: "That's very strange!
I always thought it sweet and cute,
Still, if you want a substitute,
Why, try mine for a change."
—[Philadelphia Press.

A stiff-necked generation—champagne bottles.—[Dansville Breeze.

Snooper—"How does your new son-in-law strike you, Fangle?"

Fangle—"For $10, usually."—[Harper's Bazar.

Wife—"Here is an article on 'How to cook trout.'"

Husband (who never gets a rise)—"See if it tells how to catch them."—[Boston Herald.

Finessing.

Some of the whist innocents feel very much hurt if their knowledge of the game is called in question. The following is a case in point: Victim (mildly)—I led a diamond, and you, with ace and queen, third hand, put on the ace! Surely the queen is the usual card. Innocent—No doubt, but I won the trick with the ace. Victim—If you had finessed the queen, it would have won the trick just the same. Innocent—How can I tell where the king is? Victim (sarcastically)—Well, perhaps I may be wrong, but with ace, queen, the third hand generally finesses. It is the only chance you have at finessing in the suit. Innocent (carefully avoiding any reference to the word finesse)—I don't deny that, but the ace——. Victim (interrupting)—Oh, never mind. One would think you do not know what finessing means! Innocent (waxing indignant)—Not know what finessing means? Of course I do! It's playing a card you haven't got.—[Illustrated American.

His Head Was Soft.

Ethel's 4-year-old brother frequently amused himself by thumping Ethel's beau over the head with his tiny fists. He was thus employed one evening, when he suddenly stopped, exclaiming: "Sister said me mustn't hit oo on the head."

"Did she? Why?" asked Cholly, evidently pleased with the young lady's solicitude.

"Tause," prattled the artless one, "she said it might dent it."—London Tit-Bits.

Knew Him Well.

Friend—How did you come to know Scudder so well? Is he a member of your church?

Rev. Mr. Knotem (of Chicago)—Yes, but that has nothing to do with it. He gets me to marry him now and then.—[Detroit Free Press.

At a New Jersey Summer Resort.

Mrs. Tangle—What is that large thing floating in the water there, Henry? Is it a poor drowned dog?

Mr. Tangle—No, my dear. I think it 's a mosquito.—[Light.

Our Serial Story.

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS" (IN TEN VOLUMES), "CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON FIELD," "UNDER GROUND," "DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," "MARCO POLO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ARGUMENTS FOR PROHIBITION.

THE resolution was promptly seconded, and the gentleman who rose to do so said his action was prompted by the belief that the country would never be rid of the curse of intemperance until a prohibitory law was everywhere enforced. "We have no moral right," said he, "to dally with evil; we must do right because it is right, and the only right course is to admit no compromise with the agents of ruin and desolation, but demand the absolute extinction of the business of selling rum. To license the saloon is to admit that it has a right to exist in one form or another; we hold that it has no earthly right to exist any more than has the business of murder or of robbery.

"It is claimed by some of our opponents that prohibition is wrong in principle because it leads to hypocrisy and perjury; that it is an attempt to make good men by law; that it invades, without justification, the realm of moral ethics; that it is a blow at every man's self respect; that it makes a crime out of an action that is not wrong in itself, and that was not a crime before the law declared it to be one; that no sensible man would argue that for a man who has absolute control over his passions to take a glass of wine would be in itself sinful, and yet the law would class him with the burglar or murderer; that it makes an invasion of the field of personal liberty, and opens the way for other laws, which shall say at what time a man shall go to bed, on which side he shall lie while asleep, at what hour he shall rise, and whether his eggs for breakfast shall be hard or soft, or in what form they shall be cooked. Of course the latter is an absurd argument, but I have heard it advanced with great seriousness on more than one occasion.

"To this I answer that every section of the criminal code leads to deceit and hypocrisy in exactly the same way that the prohibitory law does. Are not the laws against usury violated every day? Does not the thief assume the appearance of an honest man, and thereby display hypocrisy and deceit? Show me a single section of the criminal code that is not violated and open to this class of arguments against prohibition, and I will then admit that I have wrongly stated the case. As for making men good by compulsion, about which so much is said, is not every civil or criminal law an attempt to compel men to be good in the same way that prohibition seeks to compel them in the way of goodness? And these same laws invade the realm of ethics in the same way that the prohibitory law does, and strike a similar blow at the self-respect of every man. Do we consider our self-respect and dignity affected because the law says we shall be punished if we steal, or murder, or commit arson, or bigamy, or any other crime in the calendar? We say these laws do not affect us, as we are honest and honorable men; but we all readily admit that they are for the well-being of society. In the same way the prohibitory law does not touch any man who avoids the temptations of drink, and only affects the personal dignity of those who come within its scope. The one law is as much for the well-being of society as the other, and I fail to see any difference in their moral bearing.

"Next we come to the argument that the prohibitory law makes a crime of an action that is not *malum per se*, or wrong in itself, and which was not a criminal act before the law was enacted. Let us look at the logic of this argument.

"Every criminal law on the statute books makes crimes of acts which were not criminal before those laws were enacted. It was not a crime 200 years ago, nor is it now in some parts of the world, to kill a man in a duel; but it is a crime with us to-day, and no sensible man argues that the law is other than right. For a man to have two wives is a crime under the statute laws of all our states, but it is not so in Turkey and other Moslem countries; and I need go no farther away than Utah to show how bigamy is sometimes regarded in our own land. Gambling is now a crime, and the law against it is more or less violated in every state; but that violation does not make it any the less criminal. Because the law against this vice is violated, is there any gentleman present who would desire its repeal and the unrestricted presence of the gambling table everywhere? Is it not far better that whatever gambling is done should be in a place of concealment, and not easy for every one to enter?

"Could there be anything more innocent than for a man unjustly charged with crime to resist arrest, or if arrested, to break out of jail and escape? Yet the law makes it a crime to resist an officer in the discharge of his duty, or to break jail and run away. In some countries this is not a crime; an arrested man may break jail if he can, and will not be punished for so doing; but is it any the less a crime with us? To kill a fellow-man by carelessness, under certain circumstances, is designated manslaughter; but such was not the case formerly. Go through the whole criminal code, and you will find that every action which is now criminal was once unrestricted, and is so to-day in some parts of the world. Even the highest crime upon our code, the intentional killing of a fellow-man, may be practiced with impunity in some parts of Africa and in the isles of the Pacific; but it is none the less murder with us, and deserves the extreme penalty of the law.

"And now let us come to the question of personal liberty, upon which the supporters of King Alcohol rely for a great deal of their argument. All our laws, civil and criminal, interfere with the right of man to personal liberty, and no form of society is possible without a surrender of some rights in a personal way. When Robinson Crusoe lived alone on his island, he had personal liberty; but the moment he was joined by his man Friday then began the nucleus of society, and the good Robinson could no longer do entirely as he might please. The relations between master and servant began when Friday joined him, and there were social distinctions which even the powerful Crusoe could not ignore.

"Our personal liberty is infringed every hour and every minute, but we do not seem to mind it, except when it comes to the question of making, selling and drinking liquor. I may covet my neighbor's watch, but my personal liberty is restrained by the law, which says that if I take the watch without certain formalities of payment and permission, I will speedily find myself where I shall learn the time of day by the prison clock. So in my personal liberty to knock down a man whom I don't agree on this or any other topic, my personal liberty to marry two or three wives at once, or my personal liberty to rob a bank or set fire to a barn just for the fun of seeing it blaze.

"My personal liberty to make and sell strychnine or other dangerous poisons when and where I please, or to make and sell gunpowder, dynamite or other explosives, is very much restrained by law, and everybody says the law is entirely proper, and in the interest of social safety. But when we come to alcoholic drinks, which are killing more men and women annually and desolating more homes than strychnine, arsenic, gunpowder and dynamite have in a century, there are men who argue that law must not interfere with the personal liberty of those who would make, sell or use this worst and most destructive of all the destructive agencies combined.

"But let us take another view of this point. When one man claims the right to make and sell intoxicants, another may rise and say, 'I, too, have my rights; must I be taxed to support the paupers that you make? Must I be taxed to pay the expenses of arresting, convicting, supporting and punishing the criminals your business makes? and must I be taxed to pay for the prisons, hospitals and asylums for restraining and sheltering your criminals and paupers? If you have personal rights, so have I; and society owes as much to me and my friends, who do not make criminals and paupers, as it owes to you who do.' The sale and use of liquor produces human lunatics and brutes who kill and rob and endanger life and property everywhere. Your liquor saloons are nests of crime and brutality; when I walk past them with my wife on my arm we are in danger of insult, and quite possibly a man who is crazy drunk upon the liquor you have sold him, may rush out and kill or maim one of us. We have a right to personal safety, and as long as your saloons exist we do not have it. We dislike the sight and sounds that surround and emanate from the bar-room, and have a right to have them abolished. If you have rights in favor of degradation we have rights in favor of decency; if you have rights to destroy society, desolate homes and drag men to ruin, I certainly have rights to build up society, make homes happy and reduce drunkard men to be honorable and respectable.'

"Furthermore, Mr. Chairman, all civil and criminal laws must, in the nature of things, ignore philosophical distinctions, and cannot consider the rights of any individual; if they did we should have no laws at all, as every law touches somebody in its effects or interferes with somebody's personal liberty to do as he pleases. The arguments against prohibitory laws can only be argued consistently by anarchists, in this and other countries, who demand the repeal of all laws and an equal distribution of property. If any criminal law is right, why, then, the prohibitory law is right, too, and it stands on exactly the same basis as all other laws that have been made by men since the world began. Prohibitory laws have been sustained in all the courts; I see a gentleman shaking his head, but I repeat what I say, that they have been sustained in all the courts. Some courts have ruled against them, and at the same time have ruled in favor of restrictive laws concerning the sale of liquor; but it is impossible to favor the one with the least show of consistency without favoring the other. If you have a right to restrain you have a right to prohibit; if you can say by law under what conditions a man may sell liquor, you may also say that he may not sell it at all.

"One point more, and I will give way to some one else. When a man opposes prohibition on the ground of the arguments I have set forth, just look him over and see if he belongs to any one of the following classes, which you may designate by means of questions to yourself.

"Have they any interest, directly or indirectly, in the manufacture or sale of spirits, beer, cider, wine or any other intoxicant? Have they property in any form that would be reduced in value or productive power by the existence of a prohibitory law, or have their immediate relatives or friends any such property?

"Are they men who care anything for the well-being of society, have any regard for the misery of other men, the desolation of homes, and the general degradation caused by rum? Have they any understanding of the amount spent for alcoholic beverages, the terrible consequences to the individual and the community, and do they have any wish whatever to see an improvement in general social conditions?

"Lastly, are they abstinent men, or are they fond of an occasional glass, even though no man could justly accuse them of having ever been under the influence of liquor?

"Mr. Chairman, I am confident that those questions will include 99 per cent of all who oppose prohibition. Find me a man who has no interest, directly or otherwise in the liquor traffic, one who desires the well being and improvement of society, who desires an abatement of the evils of intemperance, and one who has no fondness for any alcoholic beverage, and the chances are one in a hundred that he is a Prohibitionist, for he cannot consistently be anything else."

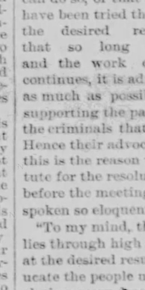
As the speaker took his seat there was a round of applause, and when it had subsided another gentleman rose and offered the following resolution as a substitute for the one before the meeting:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this assemblage, the well-being of all classes of citizens requires a rigid restriction of the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic beverages, and to this end we ask for the enactment of a restrictive law that shall place a high tax upon the sale of liquors under any and all circumstances, together with a low limit to the number of licensed places."

There was a round of applause, coupled with many manifestations of dissent, and for a minute or two considerable confusion prevailed in the room. When it subsided the mover of the resolution had an opportunity to speak.

CHAPTER L.

AN ADVOCATE OF HIGH LICENSE.



"I HAVE been greatly interested," said he, "at the presentation of the prohibition question by the gentleman who has just taken his seat, and I am sure it has been heartly appreciated by all present. We are an assembly of temperance men to-night, and it is not to be expected that any of us will dispute the force of his arguments or deny the premises on which they are based. We leave that for our enemies,—the enemies, though they do not always believe they are, of good order and social happiness and well-being; the enemies, though sometimes unintentionally so, of the family, the home, of honesty, morality, integrity and all other qualities that make men good and not the reverse. We are told in scripture that 'he who is not with us is against us;' and if scripture is to be believed we may count as an enemy to society and social good every man who refuses to range himself on the side of those who seek to diminish the evils of intemperance. The man who is indifferent to those evils, who has no love for his fellow-man and no sympathy with his woes, can, without unfairness—at least I think so—be set down as 'against us'—as an enemy and not a friend.

"But I take exception to the remark of the last speaker that only one person in a hundred does not belong to the classes that he mentions as opposed to prohibition from self-interest, indifference, or a fondness for drink. There are many friends of the temperance cause who oppose a prohibitory law solely for the reason that they do not find it effective, under the present conditions of society. They fully realize the evils of intemperance and the curse it is to the country and would gladly have prohibition if they believed it possible to get it. They favor high license, local option, anything and everything that will restrict the sale of ardent spirits; they would gladly stop it altogether, but do not find that they can do so, or that where prohibitory laws have been tried they have brought about the desired result. They believe that so long as liquor is sold and the work of drunkard making continues, it is advisable to make it pay as much as possible of the expense of supporting the paupers and imprisoning the criminals that the business makes. Hence their advocacy of high license, and this is the reason why I offer my substitute for the resolution which was placed before the meeting by our friend who has spoken so eloquently on the subject.

"To my mind, the road to prohibition lies through high license, and we can get at the desired result in no other way. Educate the people up to the necessity of closing every dram-shop in the country—and this you must do before a prohibitory law can be enforced. Convince men of the evils of the traffic in rum; convince them by every means in your power, by speech, by a display of statistics, by calling their attention to the state of things about them, to their friends who have fallen or are on the downward road, and by other practical illustrations that will inevitably present themselves. Convince them, through high license, by demonstrating its practical workings, and through this reach and lead them at length to share your views as to the necessity of a complete suppression of the nefarious business.

"I frankly admit that in the hundred years that the temperance movement has been in progress it has not accomplished all that its friends have wished at any time, but it certainly has accomplished a good deal. The gain within the century, yes, in half a century, has been very great, and the temperance reform is steadily increasing, but there is yet much to be done. In the states where the prohibitory law has been tried it has certainly been far better than no law at all; but it has not succeeded in suppressing the traffic in drink. On the other hand, it has brought no revenue to the state or local governments, and thus the illicit traffic bears no part of the burden of pauperism and crime which belongs to it. My argument in favor of high license is that it will compel the traffic, where it cannot be stamped out, to contribute to the support of this burden of pauperism and crime, and thus save some expense to those who otherwise are obliged to bear it unjustly.

"For thirty years I have been working in the cause of temperance, and the gain for us, as I look back, seems to me almost beyond belief, except that when I started out I held the usual exuberant expectations of youth. When I began my career it was not considered disgraceful to get drunk, nor was the man who sold liquor under any social stig

ON THE BIG HEART RANCH

ONE WHOLE WEEK AS A COWBOY.

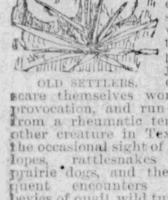
The Stock Ranges of the Texas Panhandle—A Disquisition on Riding—Confessions of a Blade Man.

THAT great tract of country lying south of No Man's Land, between the Indian territory, on the east, and New Mexico, on the west, and seemingly big enough, when once you are in it, to hold all the United States, is called the Panhandle Down in the southern part of the Lone Star state this region is called the Texas Panhandle, but the few and scattering citizens of that northermost region refer to their portion of the great commonwealth as the Panhandle and to the other larger section as Texas. There is a difference noticeable in people and climate, sufficiently marked to justify the Panhandlers in their pride. In this very new country, which only a few years ago was marked on the maps as unexplored or desert lands, and is now indicated as the *Llanos Estacados*, staked plains, many people from the North are settling, to convert the great expanse of outdoors into some usefulness.

Of the agricultural features of this region, which is yet almost *terra incognito* to the majority of Americans, I may have something to say at a subsequent time; but just now I feel called upon to throw some light upon the stock raising business, which flourishes as the chief industry of the Panhandle. My experience as a cowboy for one consecutive week, during which period I covered myself with glory as an expert broncho burster, qualifies me to elucidate a subject not sufficiently well understood.

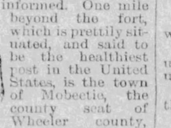
HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

Long before I reached Fort Elliott, on the way to the ranch where I made my debut as cow chaser, the old settlers who greeted me along the road had made me feel very much at home. The extreme sociability of these natives was only equalled by their shyness when the visitor undertook to return the compliment. These jack rabbits and cotton tails can scare themselves worse on the least provocation, and run faster and further from a rheumatic tenderfoot, than any other creature in Texas or out. Then the occasional sight of antelopes, rattlesnakes and prairie dogs, and the frequent encounters with bevies of quail, wild turkies and other fowl, served in a measure to relieve the monotony of a landscape entirely void of trees and other vegetation bigger than soap weeds or pinyone bushes.



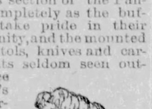
OLD SETTLERS.

Just before entering the fort, where are stationed three companies of soldiers, with a swarm of officers living in luxurious idleness, we passed a Indian camp where two dozen Cheyenne bucks with their families live under the protection of the army guns and commissary department. These bucks are employed as scouts, but what they scout now, in times of peace, I am not informed. One mile beyond the fort, which is prettily situated, and said to be the healthiest spot in the United States, is the town of Mobeetie, the county seat of Wheeler county, with official jurisdiction over several surrounding counties, which do not contain enough inhabitants to fill offices of their own. Mobeetie is the Indian word for Sweetwater, and the town was originally located, and is yet shown on the maps as being upon the bank of a creek bearing that name, a couple of miles further south. In former days Mobeetie was the liveliest town in Texas, when people came two hundred miles or more to buy supplies and raise shell within its limits. The railroads building on both sides cut off these long pilgrimages for salt pork and fire-water, and Mobeetie went into a decline. Then, when some enterprising citizen started a saloon just exactly one mile from Fort Elliott, as near as the government would allow, the whole town pulled up stakes and followed, bag and baggage, and formed anew on his present sand hill site, leaving nothing on the banks of the Sweetwater to show that human habitations had ever been there.

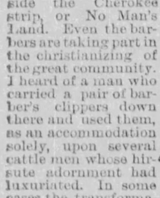


A SILHOUETTE.

The typical fire-eating cowboys have vanished from this section of the Panhandle almost as completely as the buffalo. The citizens take pride in their law-abiding community, and the mounted arsenals of guns, pistols, knives and cartridge belts are sights seldom seen outside the Cherokee strip, or No Man's Land. Even the barbers are taking part in the christianizing of the great community. I heard of a man who carried a pair of barber's clippers down there and used them, as an accommodation solely, upon several cattle men whose hirsute adornment had luxuriated. In some cases the transformation was so startling and unexpected that the subject, feeling like Samson bereft of strength and locks, flew to the foot hills and buried himself alive to commune alone with coyotes and wild cats. A good deal of the fierceness of the cowboys can be tamed down with shears, clippers and razors.



BEFORE.



AFTER.

About twenty miles southeast of Mobeetie, on the banks of the North Fork of the Red river, whose raging torrent often wholly disappears beneath a wide bed of sand, leaving not a drop of water in sight for miles, is Big Heart ranch. All the stock raisers down there, as well as the ranches themselves, are known by the brand of the cattle. Thus, in that region a man "works for or has dealings with "Frying Pan," or "Rocking Chair," or "H bar Y," or "W. R. drag," or "Star quarter circle," or somebody else whose real name is liable to be forgotten.

On a cow pony branded "O. K.," which I fancied to be an indorsement of his indisposition to buck, attired in borrowed boots, spurs, hat and flannel shirt, beside other articles of clothing of my own,

I MADE MY DEBUT,

with one of my Big Heart friends as chaperon—of course, I don't mean chaperon, but companion. Now, I never was proud of myself as an equestrian, so I didn't have any conceit to be knocked out, though during the first day's ride over the plains, down into "draws" and up the sides of the gulches, nearly everything else was jolted loose, except, perhaps, my conscience and good temper. The ride homewards, when our lengthening shadow had stretched out nearly to Oklahoma, was more leisurely taken, for a "merciful man is merciful unto his beast." I am too humane to want to wear out a broncho the first day I ride him.

Your heart and your head keep up,
Your hands and your heels keep down,
Press your knees close to your horse's side,
And your elbows close to your own.

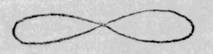
This embodies the usual arbitrary rules of graceful riding, in the North and effete East: but like the additional injunction to put only the toes of the boot into the stirrups, neither the poetry or the advice is admired in Texas. The stock men, who never walk, want to be very much attached to their horses, not so much on account of an Arab-like love for them, but to avoid a rude and sudden separation by reason of the eccentricities of the animals. Therefore, the cowboy rides for ease and safety, and does not worry himself about a graceful appearance. To hang on to a broncho that has run wild all winter is more desirable than a tilting, upright, elbow-to-your-side exhibition. That is why the Texas rider puts his feet as far into the stirrup as his high heeled boots will permit. The poet who wrote the doggerel advice could perhaps, ride his Pegasus, but he could not stay two seconds on the back of a Texas cowpony that feels kittenish.

All this I learned the first day, but valuable information came to me every minute afterward. Now, when I wanted to go on a pleasant little gallop, that O. K. pony would suddenly spy some cows off in the distance, and with his natural instincts aroused would take it for granted that I wanted to round up that bunch to cut out some beef cattle. With this idea, he would lay back his ears and fly thitherward, spreading his tail in the stiff breeze.

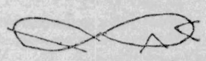
I USUALLY WENT ALONG,

and then my friends would organize a Stanley expedition to discover my whereabouts. But I was sure to show up at meal time.

Speaking of that pony's ears, brings me to the subject of ear marks for stock. Now, one would think that a system of marking the ears of cattle, by cutting, slitting and cropping, had its limitations, but I find that the ingenuity of the stock men has made the variety of markings endless. I give here a diagram representing the elevation of a cow's ears—all cattle on the range are cows, regardless of gender—looking north, and was used in explaining the system to me:



If a cow's earmarks are described as "slope to the left, underbit and swallow fork to the right," the cutting of that animal's auricular appendages would be indicated thus:



The slope is a long diagonal slice off the ear; the underbit is a triangular piece cut out of the underside, and the swallow fork is the same kind of a cut at the tip end of the ear. There are, besides, other mutilations—crops, slits, fingers and so forth, the positions and numbers of which admit of endless variety. There is good reason why Texas cattle, after roaming the ranges for a couple of years, and being sold and stolen a few times, receiving new brands and earmarks with every change of ownership, are not sleek and pretty when they go to an ignoble death in the Chicago stock yards.

Wm Reginald Ream

ODD SAYINGS FROM ALL SOURCES.

Machine poetry looks more composed when it comes from a type-writer.

The man who is too fond of his ante usually makes the acquaintance of his uncle.

The man that has lived for himself has the privilege of being his own mourner.

The Sunday closing law is not broad enough to cover the mouths of gossips.

Jersey banks may break, but there's no discounting the bill of the native mosquito.

Rossa is the editor of the *United Irishman*, but who ever saw a really united Irishman?

Dude—I didn't see any donkeys at the horse show. "Ah, that is not surprising. There were no mirrors in your box."

Miss Fort (on the cars)—Why do they call this a road-bed? Jinks—Because its where the wheels go when they are tired.

It is said that tramps will never work. And yet six of them sing their way out of a New Hampshire jail with a tenpenny nail.

When a boy who hates arithmetic fails to get his lesson, it makes him hate it all the more to have the teacher make an example of him.

Mrs. Jingle—I see that in California they make alcohol out of beets. Mr. Jingle—That's nothing. Here in the East we make beats out of alcohol.

"Is that cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a peddler. "Any good!" was the reply. "Why you could mend the break of day with that cement."

Causes of Failure in Business.

Promises made that cannot be kept. Inducements held out that do not exist. Claims that have no foundation. Great promise. Little results. So, when you see a firm prosper year after year, you know at once that these are not it's business maxims.

You will also see that they cannot be the principles of Drs. Starkey & Palen, for after 20 years of success with their Compound Oxygen treatment they have a record of cures that is something wonderful. This record is not a private affair, locked up in the safe, or worse still one that does not exist. On the contrary, it is open to all. All you have to do is to send for Drs. Starkey & Palen's Treatise on the Compound Oxygen Treatment. *It is free to you.* You will get it by return mail. This book contains a record of diseases removed, cures that have been carried out shows where they live. Send for it. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

It is filled with such testimonials as the following:

Drs. Starkey & Palen—"I have received remarkable benefit from the use of your Compound Oxygen treatment. I was entirely cured of Neuralgia by it." MRS. G. W. VALENTINE, New Douglass, Ill., July 28, 1889.

Drs. Starkey & Palen—"Your Compound Oxygen Treatment cured me of Neuralgia. I believe it saved my life." MISS MAGGIE HANSON, Mankato, Minn., Nov. 15, 1888.

Drs. Starkey & Palen:—"By the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment, my lungs, which were badly affected, are permanently cured." GEO. S. MURPHY, Cashier First National Bank, Manhattan, Kansas. *Drs. Starkey & Palen*:—"I can truly say that your Compound Oxygen Treatment has helped my lungs wonderfully." MRS. JAS. SEXTON, Union Hill, Ill., September 12th, 1888.

Drs. Starkey & Palen:—"I had consumption of four years standing, and the doctors pronounced me incurable. But your Compound Oxygen Treatment made a well man of me." JAMES W. ICE, Commercial Point, Ill., Jan. 15, 1889. *Drs. Starkey & Palen*:—"I have fully proved your Compound Oxygen Treatment to be unrivaled in its immediate effects upon throat troubles of any kind, asthma and catarrh." MRS. A. W. MATHEWSON, 56 Williams St., Providence, R. I., Oct. 25, 1888.

TEA-TABLE SALAD.

Bronson—"Who shall decide when the doctors disagree?"

Johnson—"The coroner generally has to do it."—[Munsey's Weekly.

Brake, brake, brake,
Ye brakeman, where'er you be,
But the name of the station you yell so mixed
Is ne'er understood by me.
—[Philadelphia Times.

Billous—"I sleep in feathers, but I believe it's unhealthy."

Tuffnut—"What's that! Look at the spring chicken; see how tough he is."—[Boston Herald.

Editorial Writer—"Give me a novel and striking sentence about Clara Morris."

Dramatic Editor—"She's the only actress who can shed a tear and catch it in her mouth."—[Boston Times.

One of a Class.

Mrs. Figg—Did you ever notice how Deacon Pottsby always begins his prayer with "Father, Thou knowest better than we?"

Mr. Figg (who goes to church merely to please his wife)—Yes, he thinks he is flattering the Lord by admitting that He knows more than himself.—[Terre Haute Express.

—To strengthen the hair, thicken the growth, stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

AT THE SPRING WEDDINGS.

FASHION'S LATEST CUSTOMS.

Gifts to the Bride's Parents—Bridesmaids' and Ushers' Souvenirs—And the Clothes.

[Written for THE BLADE by Ellen Osborn Copyrighted, 1890.]

MAY not has been a favorite month for weddings, but this year the antique superstition seems to be disappearing. One might suppose that while the question as to whether the whole business of marriage is not a failure is being agitated people would neglect no possible precaution against disaster; but, be that as it may, there are many novelties to record of May marriages, and many more are in prospect for June. At a recent wedding reception, instead of greeting the guests at her husband's side, or, according to prevalent fashion, under a floral canopy, the bride sat on a high, carved chair be-

THE BRIDE.

fore which the long line of the invited defiled. At a home wedding the conspicuous feature of the drawing room was a long satin-colored stool on which the bride and groom knelt during a part of the ceremony.

The custom begins to obtain of offering wedding gifts to the parents of the bride as well as the young couple. The wedding-present tax is already so onerous that one might suppose that any attempt to increase it would be groaned down, but, perhaps, our scientific minds take pleasure in such an instance of atavism, as we revert to the ways of our ancestors and pay for wives. At one of the April ceremonies the offerings to the bride's mother were even more numerous and more conspicuously displayed than those to the bride.

Instead of Mendelssohn's wedding march, or that from Lohengrin, which have raced each other so long for popularity, with the Wagner music at last accounts a little in the lead, a pretty spring fancy is to have the bridal party enter the church while the air is filled with the bridal chorus from Lohengrin, sung by the bride's girl friends. The number of singing clubs now organized and maintained by ladies has made it very easy for this fashion to find followers. Some brides are honored by specially composed wedding hymns.

It is much more usual at present for a bride to carry a bouquet than a prayer-book. At a dozen recent ceremonies I have seen the latter only once chosen. The bride has much latitude in the matter of flowers. I have noticed white lilies once, white roses and lilies-of-the-valley three times, white orchids twice, and white violets and lilies-of-the-valley, white roses and violets, bride roses, lily-of-the-valley and maiden fern, white violets and mignonette and bride roses each once.

The fashionable bride wears too many jewels. Especially when she is quite young this is unbecoming. Take the glare of white satin and the dazzle of a diamond sun, add the fatigue of meticulous trousseau preparation, and you have an excellent recipe for looking your worst on a momentous occasion. One spring bride has worn a diamond star and pearl necklace; another, a pearl necklace with diamond pendant; two have worn diamond crescents to fasten the veil, one adding a pearl necklace and a riviere of diamonds, and the other a pearl necklace simply.

The bridegroom, by the way, is quite in the habit of giving a pearl necklace instead of diamond ornaments, to the bride. And yet pearls, they say, bring tears. One bride has worn on her head a tiara of diamond stars and about her neck a string of solitaire diamonds. Two brides have worn suns of blazing diamonds. The bride who carried off the heir of Ettal wore, it is to be noted, no

THE BRIDE'S SISTER.

an odd idea is to cover the corsage with white jet. As a rule, the simpler a wedding dress is, the prettier. Several of the spring brides have had their bodices cut low. Nothing could be in worse taste possibly. Even the half low bodice should be frowned on. Neither is it necessary to give the bystanders to infer that you wish them to measure the depth of your father's purse by the length of your train. A wedding gown worn just outside of New York recently illustrates the extreme of what to avoid. It was white silk, cut low and without sleeves, embroidered with rhinestones set in gold, girdled with more rhinestones and provided with nearly an acre of train.

It is not well to mourn if one's grandmother did not leave a point lace veil, for tulle is more generally becoming. It may be fastened with orange blossoms or jasmine. A petite brunette bride the other day wore white silk dress with bonnet of white lilac.

All the early summer gowns are aired in their freshness at the weddings. At a church ceremony last week the decorations were of apple blossoms. The bride's mother wore steel gray satin embroidered with silver. Silver gray silk with capote of pale pink carnations, heliotrope satin with pale yellow ribbon trimmings, copper colored sicilienne with green satin bonnet trimmed with roses, pale Parma violet cloth with white bonnet and a black lace gown-over corn yellow silk were a few of the toilet combinations. A pretty traveling dress for a bride is made on a tailor model of military blue soutane cloth with silver buttons. A pretty reception dress after the honeymoon is a small figured pompadour silk with light Cairo gold embroideries.

"Lo's" Words Made Immortal.

Dr. J. W. Fewkes has turned the phonograph to a novel use, says the Boston *Courier*. Dr. Fewkes, under the direction and patronage of Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the history of the Passamaquoddy Indians, many of whose legends are remarkable for their beauty.

He has also succeeded in recording by the phonograph, for the edification of future generations, a number of songs, tales and conversations of the Passamaquoddies, which can now be listened to with intense interest and, in the days to come, will assume very high historical value as mementoes of a departed race.

The phonograph has also been put to a similar use by Mrs. Hemenway among Zuni Indians.

Asleep for Two Years.

Margaret Kinney of Alpena has been asleep for two years. She lies motionless on the bed for two weeks at a time, taking neither food nor drink. She has not spoken during the entire time, and rarely opens her eyes. Her general health seems to be good, but her face has a deathly white appearance. Formerly she was vivacious and very bright. The cause of her long sleep is a puzzler for physicians. It was preceded by a very slight sickness. —[Detroit News.

Defining His Position.

"Now, boys," said the enthusiast, "let's give three cheers for the speaker and then go have a drink."

"Excuse me," said the prohibitionist, "I cheer but do not inebriate."—[Kansas City Times.

An Arrival.

She—'Tis here at last; all trouble's past.
He—What's that, millennium?
She—No, no, you dunce, you're wrong for once; the baby's tooth has come.—[Philadelphia Press.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, banishes headache, and refreshes the mind.

Distress After Eating

Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Heart-burn

Sour Stomach

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

It Was a Surprise.

IT WAS on July 5, 1864, while stationed at Lagrange, Tenn., that a detachment of fourteen men from Co. L, 3d Mich. Cav., commanded by H. J. Pinkney, a brave officer of the company, started on a scouting expedition, going as far south as Lamar, a hamlet situated about eleven miles south of Lagrange, Tenn. After arriving there we remained about half an hour. During this time we had seen nothing of the enemy, and started on our return to camp. After going a short distance, we passed through a planter's barnyard. The yard was partly surrounded by a high rail fence. On the south side of the barnyard was situated several negro shanties, and also a planter's house, all fronting on the yard, in which stood a straw-stack. The Johnnies were concealed behind a thicket of brush along the fence on the north side of the yard. We had got as far as the stack, which was, perhaps, three rods from the enemy, when they raised up (about 100) and gave us a volley from their guns. Five of us were dismounted. My horse fell upon his knees, having received a shot, but he regained his feet.

The rebels then came upon us with a yell. Two of the dismounted men slipped into one of the negro shanties expecting to be captured at once; but they were unobserved, and afterwards made good their escape. After being dismounted I made a rush for the opening in the fence, but realized in an instant that it would be certain death to pass through the opening, as the main force were directing their shots at our retreating boys that were mounted. Then I undertook to jump the high fence. As I made the attempt a shower of bullets struck the rails and sent the splinters flying in every direction. I had lost valuable time, but I started for a small hand-gate leading to the planter's house. Just as I was passing through the gate a horseman made a slash at me with his saber. The little gate immediately closed after me, there being a weight attached to it. This much was in my favor. Right here I wish to make mention of one of the bravest women I ever saw. She was standing on the porch, facing me, with all the coolness imaginable, in the very face of death. I passed within a few feet of her, and she looked at me with pity in her eyes; but she said not a word, hoping, I presume, that I might escape death. I passed on through a low portion of ground and across a railroad track, accompanied by two other comrades. I had gone about eighty rods when I came to the conclusion that escape was hopeless. I quickly removed my belt and sabre and threw it to one side, but, holding on to my Colt's navy, plunged into the tall grass and weeds. In less than a minute the Johnnies were after me, mounted and dismounted. Two young boys came along within about eight feet of where I lay, and as they picked up my belt and sabre one of them said, "Look out for him; here is his belt and sabre." At this time I was looking them in the eyes, and could have shot them both; but that would have been poor policy. Comrade Kennedy, who was just in advance of me, was the means of saving me. He was a young Alabamian, and being possessed with very long legs, he was determined not to be captured, and boldly struck out for the woods, about eighty rods away, and escaped. Owing to the nature of the ground over which he passed the horsemen were somewhat detained.

After the fight, which commenced about 11 o'clock a. m., a picket on horse was posted within about twenty feet of where I lay. He was instructed that some of the Yanks were undoubtedly hid in the grass, and that if any of them showed themselves, to give them h—ll! He remained there until dusk, when he was called away. Shortly after he left I cautiously looked around, and after getting my benumbed legs so that they would "track," I started for the woods. It was quite dark, and I could hear the rebs carousing in the little hamlet, about 80 rods to the south. I reached the woods and slept between two logs until morning, but came near being captured after reaching the road. I started for camp, about ten miles away, keeping some distance from the main road. After getting within a few miles of camp I discovered a squadron of cavalry some distance in front of me, but they proved to be our boys, and I reached our lines in safety.—J. B. STOUTTER, Ord. Sergt. Co. L, 3d Mich. V. V. Cav.

French's Brigade at Tilton.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On October 13, at Tilton, Ga., the rebs drove our pickets in while we were eating breakfast. We left our coffee and commenced the fight. We held French's Div. at bay until 3:30 p. m. We used 22 boxes of ammunition, and then we surrendered, Gen. French came up and said:

"Where are all the men that I have been fighting all day?"

"They are all here; it's only a corporal's guard; you have killed none, and only three or four are wounded," said I.

"Well, you have fought bravely. Had I known how stubborn you were, I should have went around you without firing a gun. You have killed and wounded more men than I have taken prisoners. You killed every horse to one of our batteries, three gunners, and one lieutenant colonel."

The rebels marched us four days without rations. The fourth day they drove along with a small wagon and scooped out a small load of corn. I got a small nubbin. Some of the boys got none that night. W. G. Buck and myself sat up until midnight to make one dozen small biscuit from sorghum-seed flour, which we gave $5 in greenbacks for. We decided that they were the best biscuits we ever ate. The next morning we received a small piece of corn-bread. The soldiers would not take greenbacks, so we had to buy Confederate money from the officers and trade with the guards. At first we got $5 for $1, but at last I was offered $150 for a $1 greenback.—G. A. HOVEY, 17th, Iowa Inft. Vol's.

That Hell on Earth.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In THE BLADE of Thursday, May 8, I noticed an article from G. S. Bates, 7th Pa. Vols., in which he gives the credit for the execution of the six condemned prisoners, hanged July 11, 1864, at Andersonville, to Comrade H. C. Higginson. I claim that Bates is mistaken. That credit should belong to Leroy Key, 16th Ills. Cav., now dead, and Alfred R. Hill, 100th O. V. I., Wauseon, O. They were the real principals in that execution, and for corroboration I refer Comrade Bates to Comrade John H. McElroy, also of the 16th Ills. Cav., now chief editor of the *National Tribune*. I have no desire to take any laurels from any of the brave that passed through that ordeal of prison experience. Comrade Higginson might have assisted in the hanging. I have a distinct memory of that day, for I carry a mark on my forehead, which I received from a club in the hands of one of the regulars, when Mosby broke the rope and passed by me. He rushed down through the boys toward the swamp, where Edward Kirkham, of Toledo, captured him, and he was led back to the scaffold and executed.—J. F. HOLLIGER, Co. B, 72d O. V. I.

Might Have Escaped.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I saw a letter in the Camp Fire, headed, "A Good Record," by one Sergeant Sumner. He claims to have enlisted in Co. I, 17th Ills. Inft., at the first call for troops. I should say it was a good record, if he is still living, for *our* Sumner (Fort Sumter as we called him) has been dead over 28 years, according to Co. I's company book. I have a roll of the company that I took from the book myself; the comrade tells about his first battle experience at Fredricktown, Mo., Fort Henry, and at Fort Donelson, and at Shiloh all very correct. The 17th was at all those places, and I believe there was where we lost our Sumner. Our company book says he died while absent from the company, date unknown. Now, if this is the same Sumner, and he should see this, I want him to write to me, or if any one of the 17th Ills. or 91st Ind. know of his whereabouts, I hope they will respond. I would like some one that has seen the monument that was erected where Pemberton surrendered to U. S. Grant, to give the inscriptions thereon.—S. D. WEST, Co. I, 17th Ills. V. I., Greenville, Oregon.

The "Blue and the Gray."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Whitteker's Brig., Steadman's Div., Reserve Corps, Army of the Cumberland, planted the first flag on top of Lookout Mountain, and also captured the First battery on that piece of "risin" ground, and the 115th Illinois made a bayonet charge, led by General Steadman in person, without ammunition, on Snodgrass Ridge, Chickamauga battlefield, at sundown, on Sunday afternoon, September 20, 1863, when there was not another organized regiment in line on the ridge, and not another battery except two guns of Battery M, First Illinois Light Artillery. This battery fired the last shot of grape and cannister on that historical field. Loss of the 115th Ills., 20 per cent in 20 minutes, and 50½ per cent during the afternoon. Loss in Whittaker's Brig., 47 per cent. All of the foregoing facts will be established at a reunion of the "Blue and the Gray," to be held on the battle field on Wednesday, May 21, to which meeting all the survivors of that greatest of modern battles, together with their friends, are cordially invited. Excursion tickets half-fare, 30 days. For particulars, address the undersigned, or C. E. Dolton, St. Louis, Mo.—A. B. LEEPER, Sergt. Co. A, 115th Ills., Owaneco, Ills.

It Was Kleptomania.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—It is alleged that however honest a man was when he joined the army he came out a thief, and the following is almost enough to convert a man to belief in "kleptomania.' On my father's farm was an old shop. In that shop the owner kept, among other articles, numerous copies of the New York *Tribune*, he being a Union man. Some rebel soldiers had been prowling around the old building, but in a few days they had disappeared, and there would have been nothing strange in that, if there had not also disappeared an old pair of saddle-bags and nearly every copy of the *Tribune!* The soldier must have been a reading man, and become charmed with the great Abolition paper, for when he made his exit he just took the precaution to stuff the old saddle-bags full of the papers.

During a siege at some fort the bullets were flying as thick as snowflakes. A soldier, intent on appearing brave in the eyes of General Sherman, stood upon the breastworks surrounding the fort. The general saw him and said: "Get down, get down, my man; there is no genuine courage in that; never make yourself a target for the enemy." And the would-be intrepid soldier got down.—H. GREELEY MILLER.

Sleep Brought Oblivion.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In 1863, while our regiment was in Kentucky, we were skirmishing with Morgan, which caused much lively marching. One time we camped over night at the Coldwatercure establishment, then call Crab Orchard. The long row of vacant buildings were filled that night by our regiment, and furnished us good quarters. Corp. Randel and myself were late to turn in. Now, comrades, don't shout smoke house! I have eaten smoked honey, and it went down just as easy. We started down the long row of buildings, thumping and jamming away at each door. All were filled, the boys with their feet bracing the doors shut. It looked as if we must locate our quarters on the outside, but we skirmished around until we found a work shop, vacant with the exception of plenty of shavings. We walked in, rolled up in our blankets, and were soon sound asleep.

When the bugle call sounded at break of day I awoke, to find Corp. Randel lying in the shavings, snoring away, surrounded by half a dozen young pups. I aroused the corporal and when we opened the door an anxious, long-eared mother-dog shot into the room, and with much alacrity we decamped, fell in the ranks and marched away without any coffee.—J. F. L., Co. E, 18th Mich. V. I.

Forrest at Johnsonville.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was at Johnsonville in the autumn of 1864 when the rebel General Hood was aiming to annihilate our General Thomas at Nashville, Tenn. Johnsonville was a very important point at that time, as Thomas depended on shipping his supplies up the Tennessee river to that point and then across the country to Nashville, on the Nashville & Northwestern railroad. We had about $2,000,000 worth of army supplies on hand when Gen. Forrest sent his first compliments from the south side of the river. We had only a few men beside our regiment, and one-half or three-fourths of them were sick, as it was a horrid place to live, the water being very impure. We lost a good many by sickness. I used to go a mile, whenever I got a chance, to get some good water. Forrest, very naturally, wanted to get hold of these army stores. There were ten transports loaded, each transport had barges loaded, and some said Forrest fired hot shot and set them on fire; others said our quartermaster set fire to them, and I think he was to blame—at any rate, they were fired, and three gun boats (mosquito boats), a warehouse, and stores piled on the levee, all burned. It was the largest fire I ever saw. The cannons on both sides were busy, and the rebs had good gunners, who could hit a man across the river, as we found out pretty quick. The river was not fordable there, but was a short distance below, and we went down to prevent Forrest crossing; but had no fight, as he did not try to cross. The Nashville & Northwestern railroad was soon after destroyed and we marched across the country through the woods to Clarksville. Hood made it pretty lively for our boys for awhile, but "Pap" Thomas soon used him up completely. We were in Clarksville during the battle of Nashville, and soon after the battle we went up the river to Nashville. We found the hospitals full of sick and wounded, lots of prisoners in the state prison, and a train of cars loaded ready to go North. It was so cold we suffered a good deal, but, of course, that was to be expected of soldiers. We went from Nashville to Decherd, Tenn., and hunted bushwhackers and guarded the railroad between Decherd and Nashville until the close of the war. Would like to hear from some of the 43d boys through the Camp Fire, who remember the Christmas at Clarksville.—O. S. JONES, Co. B, 43d Wis. V. I.

A Tired Lot.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On February 21, 1863, while my regiment lay at Frankfort, Ky., the surgeon, who had been trying for six months to get me fit for duty, told the captain that I could go on duty, provided I could be in some place where it was not too cold or wet. I was detailed for provost guard in the city. With a few others, I packed up and marched three miles to the city. We had scarce got there when we were ordered back to camp—three miles more. When we arrived we found the regiment almost ready to move. We then went over the same road, through the city. We had then traveled nine miles. A wet snow began to fall, which melted as fast as it fell. We went slushing through this nine miles from the city to the Kentucky military institute, arriving there about 9 p. m., wet, no supper except what little we could get from our haversacks. Our company went into a small room and laid down with our heads to the walls. The room was so narrow that our legs lapped over each other. None could turn over. Next morning we marched five miles before breakfast; then 27 miles further to Harrodsburg, bivouacking in a large hall for the night. We had nothing to lay on but the bare floor, as most of the men had left their blankets. And yet those who were at home during that time, sleeping in soft, warm beds and toasting their shins by good fires, say they cannot see why soldiers need to be broken down in health.—N. G. KIRK, Co. G, 104th O. V. I.

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THE GREAT

REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY

RHEUMATISM,
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,
NEURALGIA,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites,
SCIATICA,
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Wants a Photo.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Some weeks ago "Z. W.," of Co. A, 14th O. V. I., gave a sketch of our ride from Green river, Ky., to Louisville. He pulled flax all right, and so did I, to pay for our dinner; rather than beg or stand on our nerve; but I flagged the train and sat on the rear end of the passenger coach with fixed bayonet, and took in all the dust for 72 miles, while he and Tommy Kay rode in the forward coach with a broad grin on their handsome "mugs." Never mind, boys; just send me a photo of those mugs and I will forgive you for that ride. (Cabinet size, please.)—F. D. M., Co. B, 14th O. V. I.

A Soldier's Son.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—My father, Levi Bowser, enlisted at Fort Wayne, Ind., in the 16th Ind. L. A., and participated in the battles of Slaughter Mountain, Va., Rappahannock, and Grove Town. He was honorably discharged March 8th, 1865, at Washington, re-enlisted January 10, following, in Co. D, 36th U. S. I., and was discharged at Salt Lake City, January 10, 1869. He is a member of Sion S. Bass Post, No. 40, G. A. R., and a subscriber for THE BLADE.—EDWIN B. BOWSER.

Chips.

Comrade A. J. Harris thinks he is the last one living of Co. B, 10th Ind. Reg., for he never sees anything in the Camp Fire from members of that company.

Comrade Clark Arnold, Adj't Simon Cameron Post, G. A. R., Dept. Texas, reads the Camp Fire, but seldom sees anything from comrades of his regiment, 17th Ky. Vols. Thinks they all have gone where there are no battles to fight. He belonged to Co. F, of that regiment.

Comrade F. N. Alexander, Co. F, 6th Ill's 1st Tenn. Inft., is one of the "boys" from the South that served from 1861 to 1865 in the United States army. He has never attended a reunion or camp-fire, but can imagine, he says, what grand times the old "coffee coolers" have at such gatherings. He would like to have Charles Saffon, of the 5th Tenn. Cav., of "pigeon-pie" fame, show up in the Camp Fire.

Comrade W. G. D. Weld, Co. A, 83d Ills. Inft., who was also a member of Co. D, 11th Ills., was at the burning of Prentiss, Miss., in 1862. "We were not discharged until in November, 1865," he says, "for when we were needed no longer to fight the rebels, I was willing to remain and protect the widows and orphans." Owing to inability to furnish the pension department evidence required, the unfortunate comrade is now in the county poor-house.

Electricity as a Moral Agent.

Electricity has stepped in mercifully to alleviate the miseries of the early riser on dark winter mornings. An arrangement has been devised by which a connection is made between the room clock and the stove. The clock in the door is set over night to any required hour, and when the hour hand reaches that time in the morning an electric connection is established with the stove, which is then lighted by an electric spark. The sleeper in the meantime is not disturbed. As the temperature of the room rises, however, it is indicated by a small thermostat, and when it has reached a point of summer-like comfort an alarm is sounded. The sleeper, of course, is awakened, but the act of jumping out of bed has now no terrors for him, the morning ablutions are performed without a shudder and the necessity for occasional lapses into profanity is checked.

A Rare Old Dame.

There is a rare old dame in Philadelphia named Catherine Sharp, who is 112 years of age. Up to within two weeks Mrs. Sharp has been running about lively as a kitten, and should she survive her present somewhat sudden attack, may yet live to bless the lives of her great-great-grandchildren, great-grandchildren, grandchildren, and children who all live with her in her home. Four years after John Hancock and the other patriots of the revolution signed the Declaration of Independence, this remarkable woman was a little 2-year-old rosy-faced maiden running around the village of Philadelphia. A few years later as a young miss, she delivered milk to Gen. George Washington and staff from her father's farm.

He Was Shy of Women.

A very eccentric old bachelor was Father Fletcher, one of the old Methodist ministers, and his shyness of womankind amounted to antipathy. One day as he was riding along a country road one of his lady parishioners, who was walking the same way, politely asked for a ride. "Certainly, madam," politely replied the pastor, and he immediately alighted, as the lady supposed, to assist her to enter the carriage. She stepped quickly in, whereupon he handed her the reins and said, "Drive on, madam, and when you arrive at your destination please hitch the horse, and I will soon be along."—[Lewiston Journal.

Secret Remedies

Brings joy to thousands. It makes the old feel young, and the young well. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send for circular. Address DR. W. H. GANSS, 510 Cherry St., Toledo, O.

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KISSED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green
At his

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Tariff Queries.

—, Kappa, Ind.: 1.—The tariff does not prevent the shipment of our grain abroad, nor prevent its being sold abroad. How could it possibly have that effect? 2.—The change in markets is utterly independent of any change in Presidents. 3.—Washington was what was known as a Federalist in those days.

F. G., Burnip's Corners, Mich.: The following are the specific duties as they have existed since 1883. The schedule is also too long to print entire, nor is it really necessary. The leading features are:

Clothing wools, costing 30 cents or less a pound, a duty, a duty of 10 cents a pound; costing over 30 cents, a duty of 12 cents a pound.

Combing wools, costing not over 30 cents a pound, a duty of 10 cents a pound; costing over 30 cents, a duty of 12 cents a pound.

Carpet wools, costing 12 cents or less a pound, a duty of 2½ cents a pound; costing over 12 cents a pound, a duty of 5 cents a pound.

Wool rags, shoddy, waste, etc., valued at not over 20 cents a pound, a duty of 5 cents a pound and 35 cents ad valorem; valued over 20 cents, a duty of 35 cents a pound and 40 per cent ad valorem.

Flannels, blankets, knit goods, woolen or worsted yarns, etc., valued not over 30 cents a pound, a duty of 10 cents a pound; over 30 and not over 40 cents, a duty of 12 cents; above 40 and not above 60 cents, a duty of 18 cents; 60 to 80 cents, a duty of 24 cents; and in addition 35 per cent ad valorem; valued at over 80 cents a pound, a duty of 35 cents a pound and 40 per cent ad valorem.

A long list of woolen manufactures, with about the same rate of duty as above, follow.

The duties on sugar are hardly to be made understandable to one not familiar with modes of testing by a polariscope. All sugars below No. 13, Dutch standard in color, pay 1.45 cents per pound, when they do not test above 75 degrees by the polariscope; and for every additional degree or fraction above 75 deg., .04 of a cent additional. All sugars above No. 13, Dutch standard, and not above No. 16, 2.75 cents a pound; above No. 16 and not above No. 20, 3 cents per pound; above No. 20, 3½ cents per pound.

The duty on rice is: Cleaned, 2¼ cents per pound; uncleaned, 1½ cents a pound.

The duty on salt is: In barrels, bags, etc., 12 cents per hundred pounds; in bulk, 8 cents per 100 pounds—with a rebate on all imported salt used in curing meats packed for export.

B. Q., Eureka, Ills.: We have never had absolute free trade in this country. The tariff in Van Buren's day was "a tariff for revenue only"—that is, too low to be protective.

"To Find the Week-Day."

In the Bureau in The Blade of May 1, we published a method of finding the day of the week on which any date falls, and asked our readers to test it and determine its accuracy. Here are two replies:

J. M. R., West Grove, Iowa, writes: "I have tested the method of telling the day of the week for any date, and it is correct for this century, except for January and February in leap years, when it gives it one day ahead. For the next century it gives it 3 days ahead; that is, it gives Tuesday when it should give Sunday. If we put Sunday instead of January 5, 1890, it gives Sunday, which is correct; but if we try it for January 5, 1900, we have precisely the same figures and it will give Sunday again; but the Sunday letter for 1900 is not E, as it is this year, but G. So the first Sunday in the year will not be on the 5th, as it is this year, but will be on the 7th."

W. L. M., Colby, Mich., writes: "If you will take any day in February or January in 1888 or 1892, you will see that 'Student's' table will fail, or for any century except the 19th. Try the following table:

Centuries.	Ratio.
100, 800, 1500	1
700, 1400, 1700, 2100, 2900	2
600, 1300	3
500, 1200, 1600, 2000, 2400, 2800	4
400, 1100, 1800, 2300, 2700	5
300, 1000	6
200, 900, 1900, 2200, 2600, 3000	0

"His table of months is all right, except that the ratio of January is 2 and February is 5 in leap year."

We are much obliged for the above. Now, will they, or some other reader, taking 'Student's' method as a basis, prepare a table that will be good for all centuries, say from the Christian era up to the year 2000, and send it to us for publication?

J. M. R., West Grove, Iowa: Your tables, sent on to Gen. Greely, were duly received on file. If we can get nothing shorter, we will publish them when we can find room.

Signal Service Positions.

J. G., Toledo, O.: In securing admission to the signal service the applicant must first write a letter to Signal Service, Washington, making known his desire; and it is well, if not essential, that he state at what school he graduated, for all those enlisted have been chosen from among those who have taken the courses in some college or high school. He is then sent to some convenient signal service station, where he takes an examination in the common branches, such as spelling, arithmetic, geography, and United States history, making affidavit that he has had no fraudulent assistance. He is also required at this examination to write an essay on some subject, the handwriting of which will be used in fixing the writer's degree of ability. If this mental examination is satisfactory he is sent to a military post where he undergoes a physical examination, and if he meets the requirements in all things, his application is filed. Generally, if he gets in at all, he will have to wait a year or so, as there are constantly on file a vast number of applications. If he is seen to be a long time, and comes a long spell of arduous study in meteorological subjects, until the sergeant deems him fit for work. The service now belongs to the army; July 1, 1891, it will be transferred to the Agricultural department.

Classes of Postoffices.

A. J. C., Bradrick, O.: On January 1, 1890, there were in the United States 102 postoffices of the first-class, 517 of the second, 2,043 of the third, and 5,746 of the fourth—making a total of 60,140 postoffices. Those of the first three classes are "Presidential" offices—that is, the President nominates the postmaster, and the Senate confirms him. The postmasters of the fourth-class offices are appointed by the Postoffice department.

The first-class offices embrace all those the salaries of whose postmasters are $3,000 or over; second-class, those where the salary is $2,000 up to $3,000; third-class, those whose salaries are $1,000 up to $2,000; fourth-class, those whose salaries are less than $1,000. The salaries depend upon the amount of receipts from the offices. New York is an exception, as it has a special salary. The offices whose annual business is $40,000 to $45,000, have a salary for the postmaster of $3,000; those whose receipts are $45,000 to $60,000, $3,100; $60,000 to $80,000, $3,200, and so on. The salaries of second-class postmasters are graded from receipts in the same way; an office whose receipts are from $8,000 to $9,000 per year has a salary of $2,000, and so on up. In third-class offices, receipts from $1,800 to $2,000, bring a salary of $1,000, and so on. Fourth-class postmasters are paid according to the amount of stamps cancelled yearly. Where the total cancellation is $50 or less a year, the receipts 100 per cent; for the next $100, 60 per cent; for the next $200, 50 per cent; and for anything above that, 40 per cent. Each office has as many clerks as the business requires.

Why Citizens of the District of Columbia Don't Vote.

A. B. A., Phillipsburg, Pa., asks:—"Why are the citizens of the District of Columbia deprived of suffrage in national affairs?"

It is singular, so many people, like the writer of the above, seem to have no correct idea of the federal government. The United States is composed of states, and only states have any voice in federal affairs. The Congress is composed of two Senators from each state, and a certain number of representatives, depending upon the population, from each state. The territories have neither Senators nor representatives in Congress. Each territory sends a delegate—not representative—who has a seat in the House, but can not vote on any measure. Then, in electing a President, the constitution specifically provides that each state shall choose as many electors as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress, and these electors vote for President and Vice-President. The territories do not choose electors, and hence have no voice in the choice of President. The District of Columbia is not a state, nor a part of a state. Its status is exactly the same as that of a territory. It is under the direct control of Congress. To sum up: Only states are allowed, by the federal constitution, to have any voice in national affairs; the states alone are represented in Congress, and in the electoral college; hence, only the citizens of states can vote for Representatives or for Presidential electors. The citizens of the District of Columbia and of the territories can not. Study the constitution of the United States carefully.

Getting Copyright.

Jennie, Leslie, Mich.: To obtain a copyright for a book, a play, a piece of music, or any other publication, have some printing office set up the title-page as you wish it to be (the publisher's name is not needed, however), and print you a half-dozen copies. It need be no larger than a page of note paper. Write a letter, in which you state distinctly your name and residence, and that you apply for a copyright as the author of the book. Inclose in the letter two of the printed title-pages, and a fee of $1; address the letter, "Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C." The $1 inclosed is to pay the fees—50 cents for recording the copyright, and 50 cents for the certificate of copyright, which will be sent you. Within ten days after the book, or whatever it is, is published, if ever it is, you must send two copies of it to the librarian of Congress. Copyright runs 28 years. It may then be renewed for 14 years or more—making 42 years in all.

Portland Cement.

F. D., Morenci, Mich.: Portland cement is composed of clay and limestone, with some silica (sand). The quantity of clay and sand may vary considerably without injuring the quality of the cement. A thorough mixture of carbonate of lime, with from 19 to 25 per cent of clay, is the only necessary condition. The materials are raised to a white heat in kilns constructed for the purpose. All portions that are glassy are then picked out, the cement ground fine, and it is ready for use. We believe it took its name from the island of Portland, off the coast of Dorsetshire, England, where the cement is found in a natural state, only needing burning and grinding to fit it for use. Over one-third its weight of water enters into combination with the cement when it sets. We cannot advertise the importers of the native cement, nor the manufacturers of the artificial ones in this column. See Rules above.

Perpetual Motion.

C. W. T., Wantage, N. J., writes: "Has there ever been invented a machine or mechanical contrivance by which perpetual motion is shown to be possible? If not, would such a thing be a paying invention?"

"Perpetual motion" has been the hobby of unscientific men for centuries. By a perpetual motion machine is meant one which creates its own power, and will run until worn out or it breaks down, and at the same time gives power enough to run machinery of some kind. Every student of natural science will convince any intelligent person that the creation of force is an impossibility. There are doubtless dozens of men wasting their lives in endeavoring to invent a perpetual motion device. Every year we have queries like the above. We urgently advise C. W. M. to turn his attention to something else. Perpetual motion is impossible. If he will look at the article on "Perpetual Motion" in the American Cyclopedia, vol. xiii, pp. 368, 369, he will find a full history of the attempts in this direction.

English Rulers.

J. S., Lilly, Ill.: The "list of English rulers from 1607 to 1783" is as follows, though we continue it to the present:

James I, 1603, died 1625.
Charles I, 1625, beheaded, 1649.
The Commonwealth. Oliver Cromwell made Protector 1653, died 1658.
Richard Cromwell, his son, made Protector, 1658; resigned, 1659.
The Restoration. Charles II, 1660, died 1685.
James II, 1685; abdicated by flight, 1688.
William III, 1689, died 1702.
Anne, 1702, died 1714.
George I, 1714, died 1727.
George II, 1727, died 1760.
George III, 1760, died 1820.
George IV, 1820, died 1830.
William IV, 1830, died 1837.
Victoria, 1837; still reigning.

Commodore M. C. Perry.

B. A., Knob Noster, Mo.: Matthew Calbraith Perry, of the United States navy, was a brother of Commodore O. H. Perry, who won the battle of Lake Erie; born in Rhode Island in 1795, died in New York in 1858; entered the navy in 1809 as a midshipman; served under Commodores Rodgers and Decatur; made captain in 1837; during the Mexican war commanded a squadron in the Gulf of Mexico; in 1852 took command of the expedition to Japan, which resulted in the negotiation of a treaty by which that country was opened to commerce.

A Bulldozing Publisher.

L. A. G., Toutle, Wash., asks: "After a subscriber has paid up all that is due and has ordered it stopped, by what way may he compel a publisher to quit sending a paper?"

Certainly. Tell the postmaster the circumstances, and inform him that you refuse to take the paper out of the office. He is required to notify the publisher. If the latter keeps on sending it, you can not be made to pay for it, if you steadily refuse to take it out of the office. There are some publishers who actually build on people into paying for their paper, by sending it, even after its discontinuance has been ordered. The only way is to refuse to take it from the office.

Easter Eggs.

C. O. C., Goliad, Tex., and
W. W. S., New Mexico: The origin of the custom of coloring eggs, or of eating them, at Easter, is lost. It is believed to be the survival of some old pagan custom, as the egg is the symbol of the revivification of nature—the new springing forth of life in the spring. The practice is not confined to Christians. The Jews used eggs at the feast of the Passover, and the Persians, who they celebrate their New Year (in March), present each other with colored eggs. From the Christian point of view, the custom is considered as emblematic of the resurrection and of a future life.

Origin of Sunday Schools.

H. W. S., Clarksville, Tenn.: Sunday schools were founded about the close of the year 1781, by Robert Raikes, a printer of Gloucester, England. He noticed that the streets in the poorer quarters of the town were filled on Sunday with ragged children, spending the time in noisy play, cursing and swearing. He engaged four women to teach all the children he could gather in, in reading and the catechism. In 1786 Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist church, established the first Sunday school in America. They greatly increased in numbers, and spread over the Union, but were not connected with any church until 1809, in Pittsburg.

Old Coins.

F. K. C., Atlantic, Pa.: The coin, of which you send a drawing, is a 5-ore piece. The ore is the name of a coin in Denmark, Sweden and Norway. In each country, 100 ore make one krona; a krona is equal to about 27 cents of our money, hence 1 ore is 27-100 of a cent, and your 5-ore coin is worth a fraction over a cent.

Those Census Sheets.

D. W. H., Portland, N. Y., referring to a statement he saw in The Blade that the census enumeration blanks, if laid edge to edge, would make a continuous line of paper 4,385 miles long, has taken pains to make the calculation, and finds the exact distance would be 4,736 miles, 136 rods, 9 feet and 4 inches.

Brief Answers.

A. E. C., Wasuta, Iowa: We never heard of the song you mention.

E. L. W., ——: We can not print the song you send, because it is copyrighted.

C. O. C., Goliad, Tex.: We have not the information you ask for regarding the Nicaragua claims.

J. W. H., Westola, Kan.: Write to the Commissioner of the General Land office, Washington, D. C.

T. O. B., Edgewood, Tenn.: Cleveland was married while he was President, and one other President, we think.

J. O. B., Muskegon, Mich.: We never heard of the author you mention. The standard geological authority is Dana's Geology.

T. B. C., New Washington, O.: There is no way of separating the city vote from the county vote in the statistics of elections.

N. L. L., Findlay, O.: Judge Brewer, of the United States Supreme court, was never a member of any liquor dealers' association.

L. H. L., Covert, Mich.: Any national bank will receive mutilated greenbacks and send them to the Treasury to be exchanged for new notes.

S. E. B., Hickory, Mo., wants "a history of the Farmers' Alliance." If some one will furnish it, in compact form, we shall be glad to give it space.

F. H. M., Hodgin, Ky.: 1.—Ask a lawyer about the law-schools nearest you, and his advice about the books wherewith to begin. 3.—We don't know a cure for dandruff.

E. M., Norway, Kan.: "Nasby" is the name of a railway station in Lucas county, Ohio, a few miles from Toledo. It was so named because Mr. D. R. Locke owned a farm near it.

C. A., Oswego, Ill.: "The Demagogue" will be issued in book form some time this year, and when ready will be announced in The Blade. The "Tariff Primer" was never published in book form.

F. A. K., Brashear, Mo.: 1.—When gold and silver coins are much worn business men refuse to take them, and they are sent back to the mints by banks. 2.—We think silver certificates are not legal tender.

Subscriber, Muscatine, Iowa: We do not know the gentleman's address, and if we did could not give it, under Rule 2. To obtain any book, get some bookseller to order it for you. Please observe Rule 1—send your name—when you ask questions.

F. W. M., Creston, Neb.: Stanley's book is not out yet. Please don't ask us anything more about it. If the publishers advertise it in The Blade, you will see it; if they do not, we are not going to give them a free advertisement in this column.

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J. C. F., Inland, O.: Can you not see that to publish your request for the address of a business firm is advertising? It is merely telling the firms where a customer is, the same as you would if the address in this column is telling customers where the firm is. Both are advertising.

J. P. C., Arthur, Mo.: We are very tired of that absurd old chestnut, the squirrel question, and can not waste space discussing it. If the man walks in a circle around a tree, he walks around anything on that tree, the squirrel included, and around anything inside the circle in which he travels. The question can be stated in other forms: for instance, one fly alights on the side of a grindstone near the edge, and another on the shaft, at the same time. A boy gives the grindstone one turn. Did the outer fly go around the one on the shaft? Certainly; for the path he traveled through the motion of the stone encircled the fly on the shaft.

M. T., Nuttallburg, W. Va.: If a young man is 21 and the lady 18, they can get married in Ohio without their parents' consent; but a license must be obtained from the probate court in the county where the marriage is celebrated, and this can not be done unless one of the parties resides in that county.

Jennie, Leslie, Mich.: "Goethe" cannot be represented exactly in pronunciation. It is "Geyh-ta," as near as the types will give it. The German "oe" is a sound not found in the English language, and you will have to get some educated German to give it. "Psyche" is pronounced "si-ke," accent on the first.

W. W. S., New Mexico, desires to know how many varieties of the loco weed there are, and if all are poisonous. If some western reader, familiar with the plant, will tell us, we shall be glad to publish. 2.—All the different plants called clover are not variations of one original plant, if that is what you mean.

DICKENS'S FICTION MOTHERS.

Not One Can Be Found Who is Worthy of Praise.

"You are a student of Charles Dickens, are you not?"

"Certainly; I think you could scarcely mention a character of his with which I am unfamiliar."

"Very well, then, if you can point me out one mother in the whole of Dickens's novels with any claim to education, who can be either admired or respected, I will own that I have wronged him, I am ready to admit that on the lower orders he is less severe.

Eager to prove that she misjudged my favorite, I began to search my memory, says a writer in *Temple Bar*. At the end of ten minutes I was still searching, but I had not spoken.

The fact was, I was terribly perturbed in spirit. I was most anxious not to be worsted in the argument, for it seemed to me that a grave slur had been cast upon Charles Dickens's character; therefore, to feel that I could only bring forward, as being worthy of respect, David Copperfield's childish mother, was exceedingly mortifying.

George's mother in "Bleak House" I could not mention, as, although she is undoubtedly a fine old dame, she certainly has no claim to gentle breeding, while in support of my friend's grievance, there marshaled such a ghastly troop of knaves and fools—if so masculine a term as knave is admissable in these circumstances—that I was utterly discomfited.

"My memory is at fault," I muttered to myself. "I will go home and consult my 'Dickens.'"

Pleading a headache, I made my excuses, but as I was leaving the room my old friend called after me:

"If you have the headache don't pursue this subject to-night. I warn you you are going to search for a needle in a bottle of hay, only—somewhat grimly—"the needle is not there!"

I locked myself in my study and set to work. At the end of two hours, wiser and much sadder, I paused and gazed blankly around at a formidable heap of volumes. I had selected the books haphazard and had made a pencil note on each with this result:

"Great Expectations." No parents of any importance. Slight character sketch of Herbert's mother (a decidedly blamable fool.)

"Old Curiosity Shop." Old Mrs. Garland (weak). Kit's mother (lower orders). Mrs. Jiniwin (detestable).

"Hard Times." Mrs. Gradgrind (idiotic). Bounderby's mother (lower orders).

"Little Dorritt." Mrs. Clennam (criminal). Mrs. Merdle and Mrs. Gowan (worldly, heartless wretches). Mrs. Meagles (nice but very homely).

"Our Mutual Friend." Mrs. Wilfer (outrageous).

"Nicholas Nickleby." Mrs. Nickleby and Mrs. Kenwigs (lunatics). Mrs. Squeers (a horror).

"Donbey & Son." Mrs. Skewton (a disgrace to her sex). Alice's mother, "Good Mrs. Brown" (an ogress). Polly Toodles (lower orders).

"Martin Chuzzlewit." Mothers not in it, with the exception of a character sketch. "The Mother of the Gracchi" (a fool).

"Barnaby Rudge." Mrs. Varden (intensely objectionable) - Mrs. Rudge (lower orders).

"David Copperfield." David's mother (amiable, but weak-minded). Mrs. Micawber (a caricature). Mrs. Creakle (a poor thing). Mrs. Steerforth (horrid). Mrs. Heep (hateful). "The old soldier" (worse).

"Bleak House. Lady Dedlock (well, well, the least said——). Mrs. Jellyby (another culpable fool). Mrs. Pardiggle (an insupportable creature). Mrs. Guppy (abominable). George's mother (lower orders).

In "Oliver Twist," "Tale of Two Cities" and "Pickwick" the mothers are very much in the background, and taking Mrs. Bardell as a specimen of those who do not appear, perhaps it is just as well they should be.

A Short Stop.

Texas Siftings.

She—Did a big, fat grasshopper pass here a minute ago?

He (with a gulp)—*No*, he stopped.

Must Have Been a Boston Baby.

Visitor (trying to amuse the baby)—See, baby, see. There goes the chocchoo!

Boston Baby (contemptuously)—Indeed! I had always been informed that that was a locomotive, but if I have been misinformed I thank you for the correction.—[Lawrence American.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

NORTHERN COPPERHEADS.

A FORMER REBEL SPY TALKS.

Major W. C. Gorman, Late a Member of the Michigan Legislature, Tells Interesting Facts About Traitors.

The Nashville *American* recently published an interview with Maj. W. C. Gorman, who was widely known during the war as a Confederate spy. He acted as the special emissary of the rebel government to the copperhead organizations throughout the North, and delivered commissions and obtained maps and plans of fortifications. He lives now in Birmingham, Ala., after once having been condemned and sentenced to be shot, making his escape from a dungeon through the connivance of a Catholic priest and a beautiful young lady, who made love to the guards.

In the Northern states were a large body of men regularly enlisted in the Confederate army, regularly drilled, and under oath to divulge all possible information to the Confederate government at Richmond. It was an organized army of spies, and they sent most valuable information and collected large sums of money for the Confederate government. Illinois led the list of enrolled Confederates with 80,000 men, Indiana 16,000, Ohio 4,000, Pennsylvania 5,000 and Missouri 12,000—an army of 67,000 men constantly kept ready for marching orders in case the Confederate troops in the field should ever cross the Ohio river, and march through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. It was a secret organization, and none knew its strength except its officers and the authorities at Richmond. This large army was commanded by a United States senator, who remained in Washington during the war, and several prominent men ranked as high as major-generals, with regular commissions from the Confederate government.

Gorman tells of his experience in Missouri, where he organized rebel companies within the Union lines, and then returned to Richmond, passing through Indiana and consulting with some rebel sympathizers in that state. After making his report in Richmond he says:

"I was then instructed to return, and given the rolls of the Confederates in the north—30,000 in Illinois, 12,000 in Missouri, 16,000 in Indiana, 4,000 in Ohio, and 5,000 in Pennsylvania.

"On the 10th of January, 1863, I went to City Point and hired as a roust-about on the United States flag of truce steamboat Gen. Hensell. I was to receive $75 a month. I staid six days, for which the government still owes me—leaving the boat at Baltimore.

"The next morning I was in Washington, where I met United States Senator Powell, of Kentucky, delivering to him a regular commission as lieutenant general in the Confederate army, commanding all the forces north of the Ohio river, and with authority to issue commissions. From him I obtained a map of the fortifications on the Potomac river, and the number of men between Washington and the mouth of the river, the condition of the fortifications around Washington City and other valuable information.

"I left for Cincinnati over the Baltimore Ohio railroad, and was arrested at Bellaire, being guarded by three Irishmen—John Burke, of Pontiac, Mich.; John Doyle, of 321 Sixth street, Detroit, and another, whose name I have forgotten. For $10 and a quart of whisky I bought a Yankee overcoat and got away. I first went to Columbus, O., where I met George Zeney, and, going twelve miles out of the city, was introduced to 400 as determined men as ever shouldered a gun. They were the best drilled and best equipped of any of the copperhead organizations, and were sworn Confederate soldiers. I swore them into service with George Zeney as colonel. They afterwards did valiant service in the rescue of Gen. John Morgan from the Ohio penitentiary.

"I went to Cincinnati and met one of the truest friends the cause ever had, Samuel P. Thomas, 'now a dry goods merchant of that city. He was commissioned quartermaster general.

"Returning to Washington, I stole a skiff and floated down the river, then stole a horse and reached Richmond safely.

"When I reported they wanted me to return, to which I seriously objected, as my description was printed everywhere. The rewards for my capture were large. I had used a dozen aliases, and the police and detectives were scouring the country for me.

"Gen. Winder insisted on one more trip. I started, crossing the Potomac half way between Mathias's Point and the mouth of the river. Hailing an oyster schooner I paid them $30 to put me on the Maryland side. Went to Washington and Columbus, and then to Cincinnati, where Gen. Thomas had collected $256,000 in cash, which he gave me, together with maps and plans in the Ohio river between the mouth of the Big Sandy and Louisville. Went to Aurora to confer with Senator Huffman, who had organized three regiments—one at Aurora and Lawrenceburg, one at Seymour, and one at Madison and Vernon. I gave him a commission as major general in the Confederate army.

"My next stopping place was Springfield, Ill., where I met Judge Dixon, who was at the head of the movement in Illinois, with a commission as major-general. He had more influence, and afterward, in attempting to release prisoners at Camp Butler, accomplished more than any man in Illinois. This attempt would have been successful had it not been for Col. Shanks informing the authorities. He was afterwards killed at Cheyenne by his own men on account of this, as I believe.

"Going to Carlinville I stopped with John D. White, a wealthy farmer of Macoupin county. This county only sent 400 soldiers to the federal army, and almost every man was a copperhead. Here I drilled my men openly, until I received information that Gen. John M. Palmer, candidate for governor of Illinois, was about to call a regiment of soldiers to arrest me. I called on Gen. Palmer and told him that we would fight it to the bitter end. I was not arrested, and I have talked with Gen. Palmer since that time, and he said that he concluded that it was best to let me go, as it would take 5,000 men to arrest me, and would have precipitated the war into the heart of Illinois."

He then tells of another trip into Indiana and thence into Kentucky, where he was arrested while personating a Union officer, his dispatches discovered, and he was tried as a spy and sentenced to be shot, but he filed off his shackles with a file conveyed to him by a Miss Curd, and then he dug a hole through the wall and escaped. He had a series of exciting adventures until he reached Richmond, and then, declining to go North again, he assumed command of a regiment of sharpshooters. He adds:

"In October, 1863, I was taken prisoner, and confined, first on Johnson's island, and then at Camp Morton until the close of the war. I was three times offered my parole, Gov. Orth, of Indiana, coming especially to see me at one time, but I refused to take the iron-clad oath.

"After the war was over I went North and settled in Detroit, where I was elected as a member of the Michigan legislature, being defeated as a candidate for re-election in 1868. I then came to Birmingham, where I have resided ever since."

—Thin and impure blood is made rich and healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, all blood disorders.

A LAVA WHIRLPOOL.

A Strange Discovery Made in a New Mexican Cave.

A party who have been exploring the crater or lava beds about twenty miles southwest of Albuquerque have returned, and vouch for the truthfulness of the story related by J. A. Benton and R. W. Louden, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. These two gentlemen stated that on their way to the Malpais they met a Mexican who volunteered for a few dollars to go and show them what he knew about the crater. As a general thing the Mexicans are superstitious and shun the vicinity of the lava beds, but this man agreed to go. He piloted the Albuquerqueans to a cave on the highest point, through cracks in the floor of which a warm vapor ascended.

Viewing the surroundings for a few seconds, the men were startled by a low, rumbling sound, like distant thunder, and the lava beneath their feet trembled. The Mexican fled immediately to the open air, but before the gentlemen could realize it a portion of the bottom of the cave fell, and they with it, into intense darkness. Neither was injured, but the ground upon which they fell seemed to sway to and fro. Fortunately one of the party had a candle and some matches, and after innumerable attempts to light it the candle was made to burn.

When light was obtained, a lake of water, black as pitch, lay at their feet, while the opposite shore appeared to be moving from right to left. It seemed that they had landed on a floating island or a huge mass of lava, which has probably been eddying around in this strange whirlpool for centuries. The Mexicans soon returned to the mouth of the cave, and lowering lariats, by the aid of their horses, pulled the imprisoned explorers out of their bondage and to the surface once more. Another party is being organized, and will visit the crater.

SEVILLE'S FAIR COQUETTES.

A Tourist's Sights in the Spanish Government's Cigar Factory.

One of the sights of Seville which no tourist misses, is the cigar factory, in which the government employs about 5,000 women and girls. The showing about of visitors is accordingly looked upon as a regular source of income by the porter and matrons.

After getting permission to enter, you are placed in charge of a matron, who shows you through her own department, and then passes you on to another and so on until your stock of pesetas and half-pesetas put aside for fees is exhausted.

The matrons accompany the visitors

IN A SEVILLE CIGARETTE FACTORY.

not in order to prevent the girls from flirting with them (nothing could do that) but to see that no tobacco or bundles of cigarettes may disappear. Just before entering each room a bell is rung to warn the girls, who are in great deshabille on account of the heat, to put on their wrappers, and as the door opens scores of round arms and pretty shoulders are seen disappearing, while several hundred pairs of coal-black eyes are fastened on you.

The passages are lined with cradles, and the poor young girl-mothers to whom they belong implore us with eyes and hand for a penny for the Murillos of the future lying in them.

These girls are more frank than subtle

A PEASANT GIRL OF SEVILLE.

in their flirtations, writes Henry T. Finck in *Scribner's*. There is not one in the cool dozen who will not be immediately conscious of a man's gaze fixed upon her nor will she be the first to turn her eyes away.

Some will wink, and even throw a kiss from a distant corner at the rich Inglese (all foreigners are supposed to be wealthy Englishmen).

They are a merry lot, on the whole, these poor girls, the cleverest of whom make only two pesetas, or forty cents a day, for which they have to toil twelve or fourteen hours in a tobacco-reeking atmosphere. Not that they object to the tobacco at all.

They are allowed to smoke if they wish, and make use of this privilege. They are remarkably deft at rolling the cigarettes, but not all seem eager to make as many as possible; for some are idling, and others are asleep; but no one cares, as each is paid according to the number she rolls.

OUR TWO OPINIONS.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Us two wuz boys when we fell out,
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't ro'lect what 'twuz about,
Some small diff'rence I'll allow.
Lived purt nigh neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim;
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak.
Courted sisters, 'nd married 'em, too;
Tended same meetin' house one-cet a week,
Each on his brother, through and through;
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered, me and Jim,
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

But down in Tennessee one night
There wuz sound uv fixin' our way,
'Nd the sergeant allowed there'd be a fight
'Fore sun-up next day; 'nd sure 'nough they
'Nd I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home,
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim;
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him?

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me and him;
Uz two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
'Nd bade each other good-by, two men
He went his way, 'nd I went mine,
'Nd into the battle roar went we,
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim,
'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me.

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night,
When waitin' f'r orders, the two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands afore the fight;
'Nd after all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be, 'nd yonder's Jim;
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Not His Fault.

Texas Siftings.

Indignant Drummer—I told you five or six times to wake me up this morning at seven. Here it is ten o'clock. Why didn't you wake me up sooner?

Hotel Porter—I did wake you up sooner, boss, only you didn't hear me.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1890.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, **100,000.**

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The coming campaign for the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress will be a most exciting and important one. "Our friends the enemy"—the Democratic free trade party—is ready to promise anything in order to obtain a majority in the House, that it may tie the hands of the administration, stop any further general pension legislation, and deal a blow, if possible, at the protective system.

We propose to make the Weekly BLADE just such a paper as the people need in the discussion of the issues upon which that campaign will turn in every state in the Union. We shall discuss **the Tariff** fully and exhaustively; we shall have our say on the **Pension Question;** and we shall, especially, devote much attention to the **Farmers' Interests,** by discussing the difficulties with which they are environed, especially in the West, and the different methods proposed for its relief. No American farmer can afford to be without THE BLADE during this campaign, for it will fearlessly advocate his cause.

In brief, THE BLADE will be made just such a paper as Republican campaign committees will want the voters to read—will treat of the topics that will be all-important in deciding the Congressional contest, in all the states.

We will give to clubs and campaign committees terms for THE BLADE during the campaign that will put its price down to the cost of white paper. **Write to us for campaign terms!**

INVENTION AND THE TARIFF.

In the *New England Magazine* for May, EDWARD EVERETT HALE, in his delightful series of papers entitled "Tarry at Home Travel," has a reference to the tariff that touches the deeper side of the question—that a protective system devel opes hitherto latent and unused powers whose action proves a blessing to the nation. Speaking of the Yankee habit of inventing, Dr. HALE says:

> Here we are, inventing everything; I can hardly pick a pin off the floor without having a special machine made, that I may pick it up more easily. And yet from the year 1620 to the year 1775 there is hardly a great invention which can be credited to the New Englander. He rested the same firelock over the breastworks at Bunker Hill which his great grandfather had fired in King William's war, and the shirt he had on his back was woven on a loom the twin of that in which Madame Dudley wove the governor's shirts.
>
> This is what happens when you say to one country that it shall raise food for another, and to some other country that it shall do the manufacturing for the food-raisers. The benevolent mother country for a hundred and fifty years did just what the same benevolent mother country would be glad to do now. We in Boston were permitted to catch lobsters, to send out our boats for fish, and with that to supply the Lenten tables of the world; we might build wooden ships and sell them to Bourgoyne, we might send them masts and beaver skins. And they would invent for us our spinning wheels and our muskets.
>
> But so soon as we took the matter into our own hands, as soon as we said, "If you please, we will do a little manufacturing for ourselves"—so soon there sprang to light this marvelous genius for invention which has sent out Eli Whitney and the host of his successors—such men as Batchelder, and Edison, and Bigelow, and Goodyear, and Goulding—so that if a man smells smoke from a broiling beefsteak he invents a beefsteak broiler which shall not tell secrets to the rest of the family. Pity, pity," says the Cobden club and Mr. Mills, "how much better if they were trapping beaver and catching lobsters."

The Revolution came about because of England's policy that the thirteen colonies should raise food and raw material for her, and that she should be our sole manufacturer. The attempt to enforce that policy led to the struggle that brought us national independence. And even since that time, England has tried to induce our people to adopt the old policy against which we rebelled over a century ago. We have, since 1861, achieved our industrial independence of England and the world, and we shall keep it, despite the efforts of MILLS, CARLISLE, WATTERSON, CLEVELAND, and other blind leaders of the blind, who hope to mislead the people into the reversal of our economic policy, and to make us again the industrial dependents of Great Britain.

THE Democratic papers that are croaking over hard times are either wilfully misrepresenting the facts or else haven't taken the trouble to properly inform themselves on the subject. The Philadelphia *Press*, in treating this subject, says:

> The United States never grew more grain than in the past year. It never but once grew more cotton. It never made more pig lead or copper. It has spun as much cotton as it ever did. It has made more boots and shoes. It has built more houses.

It may be that the capitalist is getting less for his money now, but the general condition is greatly improved, and this may be considered directly attributable to the confidence that the people have in honest Republican administration. The passage of the McKinley tariff bill will ensure continued prosperity to home industries and home labor.

THE Kansas farmers evidently are a reasonable people. Some weeks ago every Farmers' alliance in Senator INGALLS's home county adopted resolutions opposing his re-election. Having reflected over the matter, the farmers have seen that they made a mistake, and a delegate convention, representing all the alliances, has just indorsed his candidacy in strong terms.

THE Farmers' Alliance, which has been relied upon to assist the Democratic free traders, don't seem to be doing its work in that direction as well as was expected. In Georgia, the Alliance is vigorously fighting the free trade party with a candidate of its own in the field against all but three of the Democratic Congressmen of that state.

DISPATCHES from Philadelphia indicate the likelihood of warfare between the Knights of Labor and its rival the American Federation of Labor. This is bad news for the workingmen who see that the quickest method of reaching the reforms and improvements they ask is through united and harmonious action.

MR. MCKINLEY's tariff bill will pass the House on May 21 or 22. The Mills bill was not passed by the last House until July 21. Our Democratic friends who have been howling about the slowness of the Republicans will please make note of the fact.

TAKE ACTION TO NEUTRALIZE THE SUPREME COURT DECISION.

A perusal of the full text of the recent decision of the Supreme court in the famous Iowa liquor case modifies to some extent the views based upon the synopsis sent out by telegraph on the day it was rendered. The court first declares that the state can not pass any law to prevent the importation of liquor or anything else from another state, and affirms the right of the importer to sell it in the original package, because Congress alone has the right to interfere in traffic among the states. The language of this part of the decision is as follows:

> They (the importers) had the right to import this beer into that state and, in the view which we have expressed, they had the right to sell it, by which act alone it would become mingled in the common mass of property within the state. Up to that point, then, we hold that in the absence of Congressional permission to do so, the state had no power to interfere by seizure or any other action in prohibition of importation and sale *by the foreigner or non-resident importer.*

Note the italicized words above. This right to import and sell in original packages is only enjoyed by the foreign or non-resident importer; citizens of a state which has a prohibitory law are not allowed to do so. The citizen is under the law of the state wherein he lives, and the decision appears to go no further than to prevent the foreign or non-resident from being injured in a business which is lawful and permitted where he lives, though it is not so in the state into which he imports. But the decision makes it clear that this right ceases, and the liquor or other property becomes subject to the state law, as soon as the importer sells it in the original package. The following language of the court is plain on this point:

> The point of the time when the prohibition ceases and the power of the state begins is not the instant when the article enters the country, but when the importer has so acted upon it that it has become incorporated and mixed up with the mass of property in the country, which happens when the original package is no longer, as such, in his hands.

The right of the state to regulate and restrain the liquor traffic among its own citizens is strongly upheld, Chief Justice FULLER quoting with approval the doctrine laid down over forty years ago by Chief Justice TANEY, in the license cases then before the court, as follows:

> But although a state is bound to receive and permit the sale by the importer of any article of merchandise which Congress authorizes to be imported, it is not bound to furnish a market for it, nor to abstain from the passage of any law which it may deem necessary or advisable to guard the health or morals of its citizens, although such law may discourage importation, or diminish the profits of the importer, or lessen the revenue of the general government. And if any state deems *the retail and internal traffic* in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens and calculated to produce idleness, vice, or debauchery, I see nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic or from *prohibiting it altogether* if it thinks proper.

The court, in quoting the above, also added the following explanatory remarks as to the scope of the recent decision:

> These decisions rest upon the undoubted right of the states of the Union to control their purely internal affairs, in doing which they exercise powers not surrendered to the national government; but whenever the law of the state amounts essentially to a regulation of commerce with foreign nations or among the states, as it does when it inhibits directly or indirectly *the receipt* of an imported commodity, or its disposition before it has ceased to become an article of trade between one state and another or another country than this, it comes in conflict with a power which in this particular has been exclusively vested in the general government, and is therefore void.

To sum up: The recent decision secures to "the foreign and non-resident importer" the right to import liquor into a state and sell it in the original packages; but the state can control fully any sale of any kind after the importer has sold it. It can not prevent the importation of liquor, but can prohibit the sale of the imported liquor at retail, or to be sold on the premises. Anything that is done with the liquor after the importer sells it comes under the full control of the state law.

As the decision applies to all articles, not to liquor alone, it certainly will affect oleomargarine and quite a number of other articles of inter-state commerce, now subject to state regulation. Its full extent can not be told until cases arise under it. However, there appears to be but little doubt that Congress will, at its present session, pass a law denying the right to import any article into any state, the manufacture or sale of which is forbidden by the laws of that state. Two such bills have been introduced in the House, and one in the Senate; and the disposition seems to be favorable to the prompt passage of some one one of them.

That the court itself considered it the province of Congress to legislate on this point is plainly to be inferred from the use of the phrase, "in the absence of Congressional permission," in the first clause we have quoted above. Speaking of these words, Senator HAWLEY's paper, the Hartford *Courant*, says:

> These words did not slip in by accident or inadvertence. They are as plain a fact as ever received by the losing party from a benevolent bench.

Not only were they a hint to the people to turn promptly to Congress for needed relief, but they were a reminder to Congress itself of its duty in view of the helplessness of the state under the decision in which they occur.

The duty of all friends of Prohibition is plain. It is, to promptly petition Congress for relief. Every friend of Prohibition should prepare two petitions after the following forms:

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

> We, the undersigned, citizens of ——— county, state of ———, respectfully petition your honorable body for the preparation and passage, at the present session of Congress, of a bill to prevent the importation into any state or territory of the United States of intoxicating liquors or any other article the manufacture or sale of which is prohibited by its constitution or laws, from any other state or territory, or from any foreign country.

To the Senate of the United States:

> We, the undersigned citizens of —— county, state of ——, respectfully petition your honorable body for the preparation and passage, at the present session of Congress, of a bill to prevent the importation into any state or territory of the United States of any intoxicating liquors or any other article, the sale of which is prohibited by its constitution or laws, from any other state or territory, or from any foreign country.

Let each person sign both petitions; get as many signatures as possible, and that *at once*, and mail the one for the Senate to one of the Senators from your state, accompanied by a private letter asking him to present it. Mail the one for the House to the Representative from your district, with a similar letter. Present them in your churches, in public meetings, and push the canvass promptly. Report to THE BLADE the number of different signatures you have received to the petitions, that we may publish them. This is one step which needs to be promptly taken in the great effort to *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

ANOTHER name is added to the long list of defaulting Democratic treasurers, both state and county—that of the Democratic treasurer of Sussex county, Delaware, whose shortage is $32,822.71. *Next!*

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL sadly admits that the Republicans will carry Ohio next year. He probably would not have made a public statement to that effect had he not decided to decline a renomination.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

WHEN a man goes to Iowa now he takes his "original packages" with him.

WORTH ACCEPTING.

A Handsome Illustrated Book, Worth $3.50, Given to Blade Subscribers for Simply Cost of Postage and Mailing.

We have ordered from the publishers, newly printed and bound, an edition of 5,000 copies of "NASBY IN EXILE," the last and best work of Mr. D. R. LOCKE issued in book form, which we propose to present to BLADE readers at a nominal price. "Nasby in Exile" is a complete history of Mr. LOCKE's travels in Europe, not long preceding his death. It was published at great expense, the illustrations, which were drawn and engraved especially for it, alone costing nearly $3,000.

The volume is a large octavo, printed on a superior quality of book paper, containing about 700 pages, and several hundred illustrations. It is one of the best descriptive books since MARK TWAIN'S "Innocents Abroad," and its equal in merit, if not its superior, as it has the advantage of being much later and newer. The edition is now in the binders' hands; they are not dusty, shopworn volumes, but fresh and new.

The actual cost to us per volume (with wrapping and postage), sla from the original investment of several thousand dollars for the plates and illustrations, is 86 cents each. The retail price at any bookstore for a volume of this size and quality would be $3.00 to $3.50 each, without postage. We believe every reader of the BLADE who has not yet obtained it will desire a copy at the absurdly low price we now place upon it, and we hope to dispose of our 5,000 edition during June and July.

Now for a Remarkable Offer:

We propose to send postpaid by mail, to any subscriber or reader of this proposition, a copy of this book, "Nasby in Exile," with the Weekly BLADE for six months, for only ONE DOLLAR. The price of the Weekly BLADE for six months is 60 cents; and by taking this from $1, you can see this only leaves 40 cents for the book; and as the postage on each one is 22 cents, and the wrapping and mailing cost a few cents, we only get about 15 cents each for them. Our object is to give the book a wide circulation, as well as to favor our patrons. THE BLADE takes opportunity, whenever offered, of giving its subscribers such favors as it can, without profit. Any one who has been a subscriber for the past four or five years has had the opportunity to realize benefits, other than reading the paper itself, which more than repaid the price of THE BLADE.

How to Obtain the Book:

FIRST—Any one not a subscriber, whose attention is called to this offer, has only to remit $1, and say in his letter he wants the Weekly BLADE six months and a copy of "Nasby in Exile;" the paper will begin to come at once, and the book be sent postpaid by mail promptly, as soon as the order is received.

SECOND—Every person now a subscriber to the Weekly BLADE can get a neighbor to subscribe for six months; he can add enough to the latter to make up $1; and we will send the book to him and the Weekly BLADE to any address ordered, whether at his own postoffice or some other. We would like to have every present subscriber who desires the book obtain it in this way, as our object in this offer is to increase the circulation of the Weekly BLADE.

THIRD—If not convenient to obtain a new subscriber, we will send the book to any present subscriber who sends $1, and will *extend his subscription* for six months longer.

If ever so liberal an offer has been made by any publisher in the United States, we have yet to hear it. We firmly believe no *bona fide* offer was ever made that gave so much value for so little money as that we give above. We have made preparations to mail the books, as fast as orders are received, at the rate of several hundred per day. We ask every BLADE reader to show this offer to his friends and neighbors, and aid us in having the books promptly taken. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR,"

The price of the Weekly BLADE has always been 30 cents to three-months' sub scribers, as all know. We have sold an enormous number of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair"—a magnificent colored engraving of the celebrated original painting—which has always been retailed by everybody else at 50 cents, but of which we have sent out thousands at 25 cents each. We have now ordered a supply of 10,000 copies, which we propose to *present* to new subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, who send us 80 cents each for a three-months' subscription. Remit the 30 cents, either in silver by registered mail, or by postal note, or current funds, but *not* in postage stamps; we will enter your name for the Weekly BLADE for 3 months and send a copy by mail, postpaid, of this celebrated picture. Be *sure* to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent. We hope to dispose of this 10,000 by June 10, and ask our subscribers to mention this offer to their friends, in order that they may avail themselves of it. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE free trade newspapers claim that the commerce pays the duty on imported articles, but the foreign manufacturers know better, and hence the following wail from the Birmingham, Eng., *Post* in regard to the MCKINLEY tariff bill:

> The bill has yet to pass the ordeal of Democratic criticism, but as the Democrats are in a majority they are not likely to effect any further material modification in it; and if the measure ever becomes law which many persons are inclined to doubt, the maximum relief which it can give to English steel rail producers will not much exceed $4, or 18s per ton. * * * In other lines our position is likely to be worse under the new bill than under the old one, and our manufacturers of woolens, worsteds, carpets, etc., can hardly fail to suffer severely under the augmented duties recommended by the ways and means committee.

Every patriotic wage-earner should be interested in the passage of the bill.

IT is now said that the daughter of C. P. HUNTINGTON, who married Prince HATZFELDT, after her father had paid the debts of that scion of royalty, is sick of the bargain. No one will waste any sympathy upon her, for she had every opportunity to know what kind of a husband she was taking. She had much better married one of the brakemen on her father's road, for he would in all probability have been an honest and hard-working man and would have treated her with respect.

THE par value of Panama canal shares is 500 francs each. For some time their market value has been but 38 francs. On the publication of the report of the engineer commission sent out to examine the canal, the shares fell to 17 francs. This shows that the French people have at last become convinced that the scheme is too costly for any money to be made out of it, and will invest no more of their earnings in its shares.

BEAR *in mind that the United States is now exporting more products than at any time in our history.*—MCKINLEY'S speech on the tariff bill.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The favorable outlook which was mentioned last Monday, continued during the week, and the situation of our export trade, as shown in the figures for the month of April, published by the bureau of statistics, is very encouraging. The cotton shipments were exceptionally small, there being a decrease, as compared with April, 1889, of 5½ million dollars, but the exports of breadstuffs and provisions continue so far in excess of last year that the total merchandise shipments still show a balance in favor of the present year. The total exports of breadstuffs, provisions, cotton and petroleum reached 42¾ million dollars last month against 39¾ million dollars in April, 1889, an increase of only $3,000,000. But in 1888 the exports of the same staples were valued at only $32,813,107; so that the total now is nearly $10,000,000, or about one-third larger than in the corresponding month two years ago. The breadstuffs exports stand at $15,500,000, against $9,500,000 last year and only $8,000,000 the year before, while the provisions exports amount to $12,750,000, against $10,500,000 and $8,125,000 respectively. "There could be no better evidence," says the *Financial Chronicle*, "than this of the way in which successive good crops tend to add to our exports of various products."

The crop outlook for this season is therefore watched with interest. Only winter wheat can be determined thus far, and although the figures furnished by the Agricultural department up to the first of the present month are not very encouraging, later developments may improve these prospects, and better results are hoped for in the spring wheat districts. Kansas, Michigan, California, Oregon, New York and Tennessee all show a materially better condition than a month ago, and Ohio is reported at 82; so that in Indiana and Illinois only is the condition very low.

There are indications of considerable activity in new railroad construction, though, thus far, the bulk of the work has been done in the South. The rate situation in the West still remains unsatisfactory and heavy cuts have been made from Chicago to points west of the Mississippi.

Prices on the New York Stock Exchange continue to tend upward, and there is a decidedly confident tone in the market. Money on call, loaned last week at from 15 to 20 per cent, though very little was placed at either extreme, the average being 5 per cent, at which renewals were made. The foreign exchange market was dull.

THE CENSURE OF BYNUM.

The name of another martyr has been added to the Democratic roll—that of Representative BYNUM, of Indiana. He used such unparliamentary language upon the floor of the House, on Saturday, that a resolution directing his formal censure by the Speaker was passed, and he was brought to the bar of the House and the formal reproof duly administered. As the accolade of a king conferred knighthood in the age of chivalry, formal censure for ungentlemanly and unseemly language is accepted by the latter-day Democracy as conferring distinguished merit on its recipient; and Mr. BYNUM stands before the country in the unique attitude (for any one claiming to be an honorable man) of rejoicing that his blackguardism was so great as to require such censure by vote of the House.

In debate some days ago, Mr. BYNUM made statements reflecting upon the character of JAMES CAMPBELL, of Pittsburg; and on Saturday, in speaking to a verbal amendment to the tariff bill, Representative BAYNE, of Pennsylvania, sent to the clerk's desk and had read a letter from CAMPBELL, vigorously denying the allegations of BYNUM. For this, BAYNE was made the target for personal abuse by BYNUM and various other Democrats. BYNUM, taking the floor in his own defense, denounced CAMPBELL as "a liar and perjurer," and continued, referring to Mr. BAYNE:

> I want to say now that I accept and am willing to believe that I have as great confidence in the character of Mr. Campbell as I have in the general character of the gentleman who makes this attack upon me.

A resolution of censure was immediately introduced and after a long and tumultuous debate was passed, and its provisions carried out. The Democratic members left their seats and trooped with BYNUM to the space in front of the Speaker's desk, thus in effect endorsing with emphasis the offense of which he had been guilty. The affair is one that will not commend either BYNUM or his supporters to the cool judgment of the people of the country. If a member unjustifiably attacks a private citizen on the floor of the House, it would seem but fair play that he may be defended by some other member; and Mr. BAYNE did this by sending CAMPBELL'S letter in reply to BYNUM to the clerk for reading. The position Mr. BYNUM and his friends there took is practically that any private citizen may be slandered by a member publically in debate, and that no redress or answer shall be possible. This is a position, we are assured, that the people can not and will not endorse.

OUR free trade friends are making much more ado about BEN BUTTERWORTH'S advocacy of reciprocity with Canada than its importance merits. It does not involve a rejection of protection on BUTTERWORTH'S part. So far as his tariff views are concerned, he confuses the question of schedules with that of principles. It may be taken as a settled fact—for the final vote on the McKinley bill will prove it—that the Republicans of the House are a unit in upholding the protective principle, though they differ on the matter of schedules, as was to be expected. No tariff bill can possibly meet with the absolute endorsement of every man as to every rate of duty it imposes. These differences show themselves in the amendments proposed and the debates thereon. The sense of the majority is taken, and those in the minority yield the point, in these cases. Mr. BUTTERWORTH needs to remember that the "fixed base line of principle" which he says is needed is already recognized by the mass of protectionists to be that home production increases national wealth and the prosperity of the people faster than importation, and therefore that protection is best for the people. BEN should read up on the tariff, and not flounder longer among the petty details of schedule rates.

SENATOR HAWLEY'S paper, the Hartford *Courant*, dicussing the remarkable Supreme court liquor decision, expends the following common-sense opinion:

> It seems to us too plain to need arguing that the regulation of the traffic in intoxicating liquors within its own borders is properly a part of the police power of the state, and that the state should be left with a free hand—so far as interference on the part of the federal government is concerned—in regulating it.

THE fact that there has been a steady advance in prices of farm products since the McKinley bill was reported in the House is bothering our free trade friends a good deal. As they charged the low prices to the existing tariff, to be consistent they ought to ascribe their improvement to the new bill.

"Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sister."

This is the title of a strong domestic story, by MARION HARLAND, the most popular living American authoress. It will begin in the Weekly BLADE of May 29, and will run nine weeks. There is scarcely a household in the land where MARION HARLAND is not known, and BLADE readers will note with pleasure this announcement of a new story from such an eminent woman. The story will be superbly illustrated, and will prove one of the strongest and best literary features ever given our readers.

Remember "Mrs. Wayt's Wife's Sister" begins on May 29, with the conclusion of "Teetotaller Dick."

ENGLISH SUBSIDIES.

It may be well, now that Senator FRYE'S bill to build up an American marine is before Congress, for us to consider how Great Britain manages this matter. Her policy is to foster her own commerce, and in order to do this enormous sums are paid out annually in the way of subsidies for carrying the mails. Among the heaviest of these is the $800,000 paid to the new British line across the Pacific; the $450,000 to the West Indian line, and the $1,300,000 and over paid to the Peninsular and Oriental line.

A number of years ago a mail contract was given to the North German Lloyd for carrying British mails to this country, but a clamor was raised against paying English money to foreign steamers, and now that government sends its mails to America on slower British steamers rather than patronize the fast German line, whose vessels touch at Southampton. Three years ago—in 1887—the British government refused to give the contract for carrying the Asiatic mails to either the French or German steamship lines, though they offered to carry them for from one-third to one-half the subsidy now paid to the Peninsular and Oriental line, mentioned above.

Still later the British government has appropriated $300,000 per year as a subsidy to the new line across the Pacific. We have no doubt the American line would be glad to carry the British mails for the same sum our government pays them for carrying our mails—$14,000; but the English policy is to maintain English steamer lines, and it is not a question of how cheaply the work can be done, but of keeping the British merchant flag on every sea. Nearly all our foreign mails are carried on vessels of other countries—quite a contrast to the broad British policy! Yet the men who are groaning in spirit because our commerce is not as great as it should be, are bitterly opposed to the Frye bill, which adopts the only method that can accomplish the desired result, and the one practiced by all other commercial nations.

FROM time to time there are reports of the migration of negroes from Tennessee, the Carolinas, Southern Virginia, and Northern Georgia to the southwest. There seems to be a steady drift of the black race from the highlands toward the low alluvial plains, and the accounts which get into the general press reports from time to time are simply those of exceptionally large simultaneous movements. It seems probable that the census reports will show that WENDELL PHILLIPS's prophecy, made over 40 years ago, is in process of realization—that the bulk of the negro inhabitants of the United States will ultimately concentrate around the Gulf of Mexico, the warmest section of the country. We shall watch with interest the population figures of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, to see if this be true.

SOME idea of the ravages of la grippe may be formed from the losses paid by insurance companies on account of the death from that cause of those insured. The figures given for the first quarter of the present year, at a recent meeting in New York at which 29 of the leading life insurance companies were represented, show an increase of losses by grip, pneumonia and bronchitis, over the same period for 1889, of 146, 6 per cent, and in money paid, the losses from grip alone were $1,018,460. This startling exhibit, it must be remembered, only includes the deaths of those who were insured, and presumably healthy, while it is well known the disease did most of its work among those who were feeble and unable to be insured.

SUPERINTENDENT of Census PORTER'S order forbidding supervisors to receive any assistance from cities which have appropriated money to aid in enumerating their population has the right ring. Mr. PORTER is determined that this census shall be honestly taken, and that the results when published shall be above suspicion. Notwithstanding the charges that have been made so recklessly by the Democratic papers as to what would be done under his direction for partisan advantage, every one who knows ROBERT P. PORTER is satisfied that the coming census will be more exhaustive in its scope and more accurate in its statements than any which has been heretofore taken.

NEW YORK has a Republican legislature. The state tax has been cut down from 3.59 mills to 2.34 mills and the appropriation reduced $3,000,000. It was a "reform" legislature in every sense of the word. Not in glittering platitudes but in deeds it excelled. Tammany has howled at it, but when Tammany howls at anything in New York, honest men go about their business with calm faith that everything is going right for the taxpayers. Republicanism is the same everywhere, standing for honest government, and deeds, not words; for the true reform that pays and does not deceive the people.

AN Eastern exchange calls attention to the interest felt across the sea in the tariff work of Congress, and reminds the people that there are many manufacturing towns in England where weary-eyed, despondent workers are looking across the Atlantic with a hope that free trade in America will revive the industries of their native land. There are many capitalists in that same country who "view with alarm the proposed changes in our tariff, which mean ruin to them, by the building up of an American industry in the lines of which they have long had a monopoly."

THE *Ohio State Journal* speaks words of truth and soberness on the service pension question, as follows:

> The service pension is right and should be granted. The veterans, in demanding it, are demanding only a part of their lawful due. But the speedy recognition of this claim can only be secured by the united efforts of all loyal citizens; and he who, under pretense of being a friend of the soldiers and of the service pension, seeks to divide the patriot people of the country, to stir up strife and bitterness amongst the supporters of the just cause, and to rouse needless and unwise antagonisms, is either a mischievous demagogue or a hopeless idiot. Any intelligent soldier can see through him.

CARLISLE'S known devotion to Kentucky's staple product was a prominent factor in determining his nomination for United States senator.

WHEN THINGS ARE CHEAP.

The fundamental axiom of the free trader, or "tariff reformer," whichever our Democratic friends prefer—for the two phrases mean the same thing—is that the great desideratum of everybody should be to get everything as cheap as possible. This sounds reasonable, and men who do not think for themselves, but accept other men's dicta as their rules of action, are apt to assent to it at once. There is a bit of truth in it, but there is much that is untrue involved also.

The free traders assume that the cheaper all things are the more prosperous we will be, and the more money we will save. But suppose the effort to achieve cheapness cheapens your own labor, and cuts off part of your own income? Is cheapness then the unmixed blessing our free trade friends declare it to be? Wheat and corn have been for several years exceedingly cheap; do the farmers of the West think cheapness a blessing in that case? The most prosperous times are not the periods of declining prices, but the contrary. It is not cheapness of itself which makes people prosperous.

The cheapness of grain is in favor of those who do not produce it, but consume it. The dwellers in cities get their food cheaper now than at times when grain and live stock are higher; but are they more prosperous? By no means. The farmers are the consumers of the products of the mills and factories of the cities. The farmers cannot buy largely because they are not making money, and do not have it to spend. Hence the cheapness of grain means dull trade for merchants and manufacturers, and hard times for the working people. The cheapness of grain and live stock does not counterbalance the drawback of the small purchases of the agricultural classes.

An increase in the price of both grain and live stock would give the farmers an adequate return for their toil, they would have money to buy, they would become liberal purchasers, and the business of the country would become much more prosperous. As an exchange says:

> The prosperity of the country is endangered when grain is low and the farmer is unable to meet his expenses. Wheat at 70 cents a bushel is not an advantage to the general public, but means hard times for merchants, hard times for manufacturers, hard times for everybody. The prosperity of the farmer will set in motion the spindles of the country, start the wheels of industry in a thousand mills, fill the coffers of the merchant, and bring back to the land its old-time prosperity.

The cry for cheapness as a national policy has in its basis just enough truth to make it misleading. Good prices and lively trade go together, and cheapness, business stagnation and scarcity of money are inseparable. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and it should be enough—whether he be farmer, artisan or professional man—to enable him to buy his proper share of the products of the farm, the mill and the forge. It is only when such conditions prevail that the country is truly prosperous.

That the protective policy is a powerful factor in producing this state of things, by diversifying our employments, each class being producer for the others, and in turn consumer of their products, needs no proof, for the evidence of the fact is patent to all. "By their works ye shall know them"—and a free trade policy has never produced an example to show that it would be a benefit to the people of the United States.

THE Republicans in Congress are determined that the new tariff bill shall go into operation almost immediately upon its passage. The free traders are piteously begging that five or six months' time may be allowed to elapse before it shall go into effect. The New York *Press* says:

> This would enable foreign importers to flood our markets with foreign goods enough to last for two years. This would have the effect of closing up American mills, shops and factories, supplying free traders with the very line of argument which they are hungering and thirsting to obtain. The reports which have been sent out and even published in some reliable Republican papers to the effect that the bill would not become operative before January 1, 1891, are utterly without foundation in fact. On the contrary, if the bill does not go into effect immediately upon its passage, it will not be longer than thirty days thereafter before it will.

AND now a project is broached in London of establishing an international society to adopt the Latin language carefully to the needs of modern life and business, and use it as an international language instead of volapuk. The plan is one of great merit and has the great advantage that the modernized Latin would be easily mastered and would open the vast mass of ancient Latin literature to all who did so. It would especially be useful to all using English, as it would give them a far greater knowledge of their own tongue. Besides, the study of Latin in our schools and colleges would receive a decided impetus.

MR. JOHN G. CARLISLE has received the caucus nomination to succeed the late JAMES B. BECK as Kentucky's representative in the United States Senate. This nomination is equivalent to an election. Mr. CARLISLE is not a statesman, nor is he a man of marked ability. His selection was evidently brought about by the influence of Mr. CLEVELAND and his free trade supporters. The ex-speaker may occupy the late Mr. BECK's seat, but he will never command the respect of his associates that was given to the late senator from Kentucky.

IT is rather singular that LONGSTREET is the only one of the prominent Southern generals in the rebellion who is not invited to participate in the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the statue of Gen. LEE at Richmond. The only reason that can be imagined is that Gen. LONGSTREET early after the war was over became a Republican, and has continued steadfast in that faith. Had he remained a Democrat he would probably have been invited.

IT is said that GROVER CLEVELAND, during his recen visit to Washington, "on law business," expressed himself in favor of Governor CAMPBELL as his running mate in 1892. Those closest to the Governor say that he has a belief that he may get first place on the Democratic ticket and they suggest that CLEVELAND should be the running mate. CLEVELAND and CAMPBELL both see the desirability of the combination, but each C's it in a different way.

SENATOR EDMUNDS has offered a bill providing for a national university in Washington, appropriating $500,000 for site and buildings, and setting apart $5,000,000, the interest of which shall annually go to the institution for its maintainance. The senator's intention may be all right, but there is no more reason why the government should maintain a national university than that it should support a national theater or opera-house.

THOUGH it is an admitted fact that ARCHER, the defaulting Bourbon state treasurer of Maryland, stole over $100,000, a judge has just decided that he can not be tried for embezzlement. The Republican vote in Maryland should rapidly increase under this sort of thing.

THE Sugar trust put something like $100,000 into the Democratic campaign of 1888. It will probably increase its contribution this year in the effort to get revenge on the Re[illegible] for passing the new tariff bill.

AN ATTRACTIVE STORY,

ON A NEW AND NOVEL LINE.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Be Run During the Coming Campaign.

As previously announced in these columns, we have made arrangements to have written for THE BLADE a very interesting serial, combining the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, whose movements turn upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE'S readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

The story is not yet all written, but its plan and scope are fully known to us, and we believe that our readers will be deeply interested. It will give them new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given in a few weeks, and probably also sample copies containing the first installment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

"ANDERSONVILLE" GOING FAST.

Several weeks ago we announced that we had printed 1,300 copies of "Andersonville," and that when they were exhausted the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable. Since that time we have sold about 800 copies. Therefore, but 500 copies remain; and it may be taken as a fact that those who do not order within 30 days will be too late. All will be gone.

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 500 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE sentence of Commander MCCALLA was altogether insufficient for the offences which he committed. It was shown that he was a man of brutal instincts, who treated the men over whom he had control, in the most brutal manner. Besides that, his personal habits were disreputable, and altogether, he was utterly unfit to be an officer in the United States navy. He should have been dismissed from the service.

REPUBLICAN organs are destroying a great deal of muscular tissue trying to pull Grover Cleveland off the presidential track.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A misinterpretation of facts. There is not a Republican newspaper in the United States but would like to feel assured that GROVER CLEVELAND would be the Democratic candidate. By all means let Mr. CLEVELAND run.

LAST Saturday the United States senate passed 185 individual pension laws. It must make Mr. CLEVELAND feel very uncomfortable that he cannot work in his veto upon the ex-union soldiers who will be the beneficiaries under those acts. But President HARRISON was a soldier himself, and he will approve these bills.

AND now comes Governor GRAY, of Indiana, who thinks he ought to have second place on the next Democratic ticket with CLEVELAND. Sometimes GRAY thinks he ought to be the head of the ticket. GRAY is evidently in a state of mind, but he will be greyer than he is now before he reaches the White House.

☞ *We will gladly send sample copies of The Blade free to any one. Send us in lists of names of your neighbors and friends who are not subscribers, that we may mail them samples.*

ONE way to settle the eight-hour question is that suggested by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*—by carrying out the movement of the labor unions to its legitimate end, and doing all of what is now called "day labor" by the hour.

THE most valuable ruby in the world is said to be in the crown of the Czar of Russia. There are ruby lips right here in Toledo that are worth more than the Czar's ruby and his whole crown.

UNDER the new temperance laws six or seven hundred saloons have been closed in Baltimore. Maryland is evidently in training to become a Republican state.

THE Tennessee Republicans are all alive, and propose putting their ticket into the field inside of two months. A rattling campaign is to be expected in that state.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The champion pug of England weighs but five pounds.

Australia is sending 1,000 hogsheads of wine to Amsterdam.

Notepaper should be folded once and placed within a "court" or square envelope.

Mme. Dosne, sister-in-law of M. Thiers, owns

PREPARE PETITIONS!

PULVERIZE THE RUM POWER!

Move on Congress With a Demand for a Law to Neutralize the Late Liquor Decision of the Supreme Court.

The decision of the Supreme court in the Iowa case—that a state can not prevent the importation, and sale in the original packages, of liquor, or anything else, from another state or from a foreign country, deals a heavy blow at all prohibitory and regulating laws. The only way to obviate its evil effects is by the passage of a law by Congress for that purpose.

THE BLADE asks every reader to prepare two petitions—one to the Senate, and one to the House—asking for such action. You can copy the forms given below, or even cut them out, and paste each at the top of a sheet of ruled paper (filling out the blanks for county and state), and get signatures to them:

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

We, the undersigned, citizens of ——county, state of ——, respectfully petition your honorable body for the preparation and passage, at the present session of Congress, of a bill to prevent the importation into any state or territory of the United States of any intoxicating liquors or any other article, the sale of which is prohibited by its constitution or laws, from any other state or territory, or from any foreign country.

To the Senate of the United States:

We, the undersigned citizens of —— county, state of ——, respectfully petition your honorable body for the preparation and passage, at the present session of Congress, of a bill to prevent the importation into any state or territory of the United States of any intoxicating liquors or any other article, the sale of which is prohibited by its constitution or laws, from any other state or territory, or from any foreign country.

Let each person sign both petitions; get as many signatures as possible, and that *at once*, and mail the one for the Senate to one of the Senators from your state, accompanied by a private letter asking him to present it. Mail the one for the House to the Representative from your district, with a similar letter. Present them in your churches, in public meetings, and push the canvass promptly.

THE PENSION QUESTION.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

How a Democratic Representative Who Favors Service Pension Was Served.

In the matter of the pension question, THE BLADE opened its columns to letters from the soldiers and any one else, in which they stated their views upon the matter. We were willing to allow them to do this, that the public might understand exactly how the veterans feel. Of course, very many things have been said, in these hundreds of letters, which THE BLADE deems unwise, and things demanded that there is no possibility of obtaining. As all know, THE BLADE believes in service pensions, and proposes "to fight it out on that line;" and we shall, from time to time, take occasion to discuss some of the positions taken by soldiers in their letters that we deem unsound, and really opposed to their best interests, and to the success of the service pension idea.

Quite a number of persons have expressed the determination, in case a service pension bill is not passed at the present session of Congress, to leave the Republican party. Others have, more wisely, expressed their purpose of voting for no Republican who is not known to be sound on the service pension question, at the Congressional elections this year. While the latter course is unobjectionable, the former—that of leaving the Republican party, which involves supporting the Democratic party—needs to be made the subject of careful thought by those who have expressed it.

For their benefit, we relate a bit of authentic history, which shows how the rank and file of the Democratic party feel on the pension question:

Samuel S. Yoder, of Lima, Ohio, is a Democratic member of the present House, elected from the 4th Congressional district. He is Ohio born; served in the 128th Ohio in the war, enlisting as a private and coming out a lieutenant; then studied medicine, and practiced for eighteen years; went into politics; was mayor of Bluffton, O.; served as a member of the state Democratic Executive committee; in 1882 was elected probate judge of Allen county, serving till 1886, when he resigned; was elected that year to the 50th Congress, and re-elected in 1888 to the 51st Congress, receiving a plurality of 7,796 votes over his Republican competitor—the district being strongly Democratic.

Mr. Yoder, while a bitter Democrat, has always been right on pension matters. He has aided in having a great many special pension bills passed for deserving soldiers in his district, and at this session supported the service pension idea. On April 30, when the House had before it the Morrill pension bill, Mr. Yoder moved to recommit the bill, with instructions to the committee on invalid pensions to report back a per diem pension bill. The motion to recommit was lost—yeas 48, nays 161.

Mr. Yoder's purpose in doing this was clearly dictated by a desire to embarrass the Republicans, by forcing them either to break the caucus agreement to support the Morrill bill, or compel them to go on record as voting against service pensions. He knew, as did the other Democrats who voted for his motion, that the Republican caucus had agreed to support the Morrill measure, and that if they did vote against his motion it was because they wished, as honorable men, to keep their word, and not because of enmity to service pensions. Mr. Yoder knew that a large number of soldiers do not understand clearly the use of a party caucus, and would get indignant at those who voted his motion down—for he knew, of course, that it would be voted down.

But Mr. Yoder did not think far enough. It did not occur to him that the Democrats in his own district might get indignant at him for such strong advocacy of service pensions, and that they would not understand that his motion was not sincere—which it was not, for he knew that the Republicans would vote it down. He has found out better since. His motion was a boomerang. It made his Democratic constituents mad, and hurt himself worse than anyone else.

That vote was taken on April 30. The Democratic Congressional convention in his district (by the gerrymander of the Democratic Ohio legislature, now the Fifth, instead of the Fourth) was held at Lima on May 7—just a week and one day afterward. Mr. Yoder was a candidate for re-nomination. But he did not get a vote in the convention! We reprint that part of the proceedings:

W. T. Mooney rose from the Auglaize county corner and nominated Ferdinand C. Layton. Representative Eggerman seconded Layton's nomination. Eggerman is the man who was so badly mixed up with both Brice's and Thomas's campaign last fall, and once said he had so much to expose, but did not, that he gained a national reputation. Col. Saltzgaber moved to make the nomination of Ford. Layton by acclamation. The motion was carried with a rush, and Layton was the nominee of the Fifth district.

Mr. Yoder's defeat was due to his attitude on the pension question. The Democrats are not favorable to pension legislation. We quote the following from the telegraphic report of the convention in the DAILY BLADE of May 7:

Judge Yoder has been a great friend of the soldier, and said to me to-day that he stood with THE BLADE on the pension question. He has paid altogether too much attention to pensions and the aid of old soldiers to be popular with the gang of mossback and copperhead Democracy which runs the politics of this corner of Ohio.

In his speech Ritchie did not mention the name of Yoder, and the delegates are talking of this seemingly intentional slight, but as a rule they are making great sport of the black-looking Congressman, and say he is no good on earth.

That tells the story. We may say also that Mr. Yoder admits that his defeat was because he has been too pronounced on pensions to suit his Democratic constituency. His seat will be filled (for the district is heavily Democratic) by Layton, who was not a soldier, as Yoder was.

Can the soldiers hope for anything from such a party? Think well, comrades! We have given the facts regarding Mr. Yoder's support of service pensions, and his prompt retirement by his party because of it, that you may see clearly how little there is to hope from the Bourbon Democracy. Think over the matter very carefully.

WHAT GEN. ALGER SAYS

On Pensions—Desires Service, But, Failing That, Wants the Disability Bill—An Interview.

Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit, Michigan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was in Toledo on May 16, a guest at a reception given by the three G. A. R. Posts of Toledo, the Women's Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans, in honor of himself and of the new Department Commander of Ohio, Capt. P. H. Dowling, of this city, just elected to that position. A repre-

sentative of THE BLADE called on General Alger, and requested his views on the pension question for the benefit of BLADE readers. The General complied, and the following is a verbatim report of his talk.

"I have been all over the country, attending state encampments and other Grand Army meetings, and I find the service pension question a burning one everywhere. There are very few, I fear, who correctly estimate the obstacles in the way of getting such pension legislation enacted at Washington as the National Encampment of the G. A. R. directed us to work for. You will remember the Encampment directed that two bills should be urged before Congress: one, the disability bill; the other, the service or per diem bill. The committee appointed by me was the old committee, the committee that had so much experience that every man who had anything to say about it, came to me and asked me to re-appoint that committee—no one else asking otherwise; and I accordingly did it. That was in accordance with my own judgment, also.

"This committee went to Washington, and after conversing with a great many members of both houses, informed me that a very good disability bill could be passed at this session, but that the per diem or service bill could not be passed. They gave the reasons for it. I saw several of the members of the committee, and again ordered them to Washington, and met them there myself. Upon the threshold of the case, as we presented it, we were informed that the service bill could not be passed, and that by many of the friends of the service bill, and every one was the friend of the old soldier. They informed us that to urge that, to the exclusion of the disability bill, would defeat both; and these were the figures that were given us:

"The approximate estimate of the number of comrades living to-day, made from the war records by Dr. Enworth, who is the highest authority in the country, approximately, without taking the hundreds, is 1,284,000 men. The amount which would be required to meet the pension bill for 1,284,000 men, at $10 per month (that is the lowest figure estimated, the sum being $8 for the first, anyhow, and one cent per day per month above that, which the lowest estimates increase to $10 per month) is $154,000,000.

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889—last year—the revenues of the government from all sources were $387,000,000. The expenses, including $87,000,000 pensions, were $348,000,000, leaving a balance on the credit side of the ledger, or a surplus, of $44,000,000. The amount asked for this year is $98,000,000, or $11,000,000 more than last year. These figures may not foot up, as I give them to you approximately, but I think they are correct.

"The disability bill, it is estimated, will take $36,000,000. If that should become a law, and if there were no other pensions to be allowed, and we had the same revenues as last year, it would leave a surplus of $2,000,000. But according to the report of the Ways and Means committee, and according to their estimate of the cutting down of the revenue, there will be a shrinkage of $50,000,000.

"This would leave a deficit of $88,000,000. If the service pension bill should pass, and take $154,000,000, and the revenues of the government remain the same as last year, the amount of the deficit would be $219,000,000. And we are informed there, and these members have told me, that any people, or any party, or any body of men who could control the election to office there, who would pass such a law, would be swept off the board at the next election; and that the feeling would be so great that there would not be an appropriation to meet it next year, even though such a law were on the statute book.

"I am constantly asked to demand in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic that we shall have the service pension bill or none. Men go so far as to accuse me of being favorable to the one and against the other. They have written me letters, saying, 'We want you should take up the service bill; force that on the statute books, if you have any power. That is what you are elected for; and if you can't do that, you had better resign.'

"Those people who demand of me that the Grand Army shall take a stand for the service bill or no bill, if they stood as I stand, if they heard what I hear and read what I read, I think they might modify their view. As I know that one cannot come now, and as I know the other can, if properly urged, I would rather have my hand severed than to stop the passage of the disability bill, and stop, therefore, all legislation.

"When they ask of me if I had the power—which I have not—when they ask of me that I shall urge the one bill or none, when I know that thousands and tens of thousands of comrades, and thousands of widows, and the fathers and mothers and the children of comrades, are suffering to-day—when they ask that of me, they ask more than I can grant.

"I would rather lay down my office to-night than to stop the enactment of that law one moment. They have delayed it all too long already. The $36,000,000 that are to be appropriated by that bill will give pensions to 500,000 people. Is it not better that the suffering veterans shall have this, even under an objectionable bill, than to get nothing?"

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

About the Morrill Bill and the Attitude of Congress.

A Plea for the Boys of '61.

MENDON, MICH.—I am one of the boys that went out April, 1861, and was in the front ever three years. I think all honorably discharged soldiers that served two years or more ought to be placed on the pension rolls of the United States when they are 50 years of age, and pensioned according to their disability and time they served, as there are none of us who went out in 1861 that can do a full day's work. My health is all broken down; I cannot work but a little while at a time, and every year I am more disabled, caused by exposure while in the service. I think it is high time the government was doing something for us poor crippled soldiers of 1861 and 1862 before we are all dead—those who did the fighting and stood by the old flag through thick and thin. Surely the pension system is wrong and needs overhauling. I am in favor of a service pension; that comes nearest to justice to all old soldiers.—W. G., Co. A, 20th Ohio and Co. E, 81st Ohio.

A Word for the Morrill Bill.

COSHOCTON, O.—Your course in advocating a service pension for all old soldiers of the late war, seems to meet with the general approbation of the G. A. R. and the old soldiers of our country. We are in favor of the Morrill bill, if the government can pay the increased sum it will require to do this. But in reading the debate on this pension question that took place in the United States senate some weeks ago, I notice that Gen. Hawley and other true friends of the soldier, as we believe, seem to think that our nation can not pay the sum of money this service pension would require at this time without increased taxation. Now these Senators certainly should be able to make some estimate as to this matter; and if they are right, our present Congress should pass the pending bill, that has already passed the House. This bill, if it becomes a law, will relieve many of the old boys who have become disabled since the war closed, and the dependent widows of the land. Do the old soldiers not make a mistake by asking too much? I am no pensioner, although serving three years as a member of Co. H, 97th Ohio, and am willing to receive a pension when I shall arrive at the age of 60 years (some 12 years yet), if a generous government may see fit to give it, but let justice be done first to the disabled and needy, if the nation can not pay now all that might be entitled to the same.—J. M. C.

Beware of the Democrats!

SARCOXIE, MO.—I must confess I am very much astonished to hear so many of the comrades say, if certain pension legislation is not done by the present Congress, they will in the future vote the Democratic ticket. Have they so soon forgotten that Cleveland devoted all his spare time to vetoing pension claims? Have they forgotten that, owing to the opposition of the Democratic leaders, no pension measure was permitted to be considered in the House of the Fiftieth Congress? Again, Congressman Tarsney, speaking for the Democratic party, said in his speech that "most of the prisoners of war permitted themselves to be captured in order to avoid fighting, and for this reason he opposed the bill giving compensation to prisoners of war."

Comrades, do you believe that? Certainly not. Then do not for one moment entertain an idea of abandoning the party, and the only party, that stood by you through the dark days of the rebellion—when the Democrats in convention assembled declared they believed the war to be a failure. Certainly to the administration at the hands of the Republican party is due the happy termination, and to that party alone can our disabled comrades look for relief. Interview your Democratic neighbors and see how many of them are favorable to any pension at all for the most worthy comrades; and if you find the majority of them favorable, then vote that way—but look well to your future prospects before making the decision.—S. W. H., Surgeon Curtice Post.

Ringing Resolutions.

The Ness County, Kansas, Veteran association on May 3 adopted a series of resolutions on the pension question which have been sent with a request to publish. We give the material portions:

WHEREAS, It seems at this time to be the settled policy of the law-makers in Congress to evade the question of a fair and just service pension to all soldiers of the late war and to urge in extenuation of such nefarious action the inability of the government to meet this most just demand. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, this veteran association of Ness county, Kansas, totally repudiate all such cowardly and deceptive action on the part of any person, no matter of what state or what party.

Resolved, That the nation to-day, with all wealth, only made possible by the self-sacrifices of the veterans of 1861-2 and 3, is a hundred times abler to bear this slight burden than it was in the years immediately after the war, when torn by dissensions and depleted by battle, it paid the bondholder a dollar for every sixty cents of the original investment.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks and hearty approval to those men, irrespective of party, who have stood up and fought like men for our rights, and will certainly hold to account those who have adopted these shameful evasions and subterfuges.

Resolved, That we denounce all such subterfuges as the dependent pension bill and the Morrill substitute, and demand of our law-makers that they pass a straight service pension bill.

Resolved, That we thank Senator Ingalls and others who have introduced straight service pension bills, yet we recognize the essential difference between introducing a bill and working faithfully for its passage, and that no man can pose as the friend of the soldier who introduces a bill and then lets it quietly die in committee or otherwise.

Resolved, That we will support no man for national office who does not pledge himself to work first, last and all the time for this measure, and who will not grant us full permission to brand him as a traitor of the deepest dye, should he further palter in the matter.

The Injustice of the Morrill Bill.

HELENA, N. Y.—I have just read everything published in THE BLADE of May 8, pertaining to pensions, and must say that I consider, as also does every soldier of my acquaintance, the action of Congress on the subject of pensions, very unwise and unjust to the class of soldiers who performed service in the late war. The injustice of the Morrill bill as passed by the House, appears very prominently in this, viz: Soldiers who enlisted in '61 and served through the war, and who received no bounty (as a rule, for the most part they actually young men 18 to 25, now 48 to 55, are served no better than those who enlisted in '64 and who served perhaps four to eight months, and who received $500 to $1,200 bounty at time of enlistment, and further, very many, the majority, in fact, of these later day soldiers were old men then. Now, the injustice is apparent from the fact that these men, who did comparatively nothing, are beneficiaries under the Morrill bill immediately, whereas, the soldiers who "bore the burden and heat of the war" will receive nothing for 12 years yet, should they live that long, unless they are forced to accept aid under the provisions of the other part of the infamous bill and declare themselves paupers.—W. A. H., Co. G, 92d N. Y.

A Strong Presentation.

DECATUR, IND.—Did the government or the members of Congress say in 1861, 1862 and 1863 that we might wait until we were 60 years old before we were to receive any reward for our faithful service to save this government? I have no hospital record, yet am disabled, am older looking at 48 years old than my father at 70, and I cannot do a half a man's work, and not half the time. My constitution was broken by the exposure and hardships of my service. I am and always have been strictly temperate, have no bad habits, so that it is the effects of a soldier's life in the front. Half of us will be in our graves before 50 years old, another half of the rest will not live to be 55 years old and half of the rest will not live to be 60 years old. It seems to me Congress has some very queer ideas in trying to fill us in the way they are doing.

I have always voted the Republican ticket, but hereafter I am going to vote for a soldier's friend, whether Republican or Democrat; and any man in Congress now that does not do his best to get a pension enacted to give us justice will never receive my vote. They talk about the cost of the pauper bill and Morrill bill—did they talk of the cost of putting down the rebellion in dollars and cents or even in lives of the best men of the land in 1861 to 1865? Our hired servants in Congress must remember that we, the people, sent them to Congress to do our work, and we demand of them to pass the per diem pension bill, repeal the limitation of arrears act, pension all the ex-prisoners, and make good our pay in gold.—H. T., Co. H, 15th Ohio.

Consider Their Shortened Lives.

ELIZABETH, IND.—Many thanks for the work that is being done for the old soldiers by THE BLADE. I feel that the per diem bill, as a matter of justice and equity, ought to be enacted into a law by Congress. The Morrill bill, as passed by the House, is a mere mockery to soldiers who served from three to four years, since the Pension department has shown from its record of deaths that such terms of service has shortened the probability of life from 10 to 12 years, and to the failing strength and shattered constitutions of those surviving bear corroborative testimony to the truth of this statement, and should Congress fail or refuse to pass a better than the Morrill bill, it is but just that three and four-year soldiers should have the benefit of the above fact, and the bill ought to be amended, lowering the age period of such to 50 years. I do not wish to say harsh things, but the spirit and stamina that overpowered the Rebellion does not take kindly to the pauper treatment. The strength and stamina is largely gone through campaigning and the battle of life, but the spirit still lives in the hearts of the old soldiers, and ought not not now to be humbled by our government.—G. W. L., Co. C, 17th Ind.

A Post's Action.

EAST NODOWAY, IOWA.—At a meeting of Meyerhoff Post, No. 466, Dept. of Iowa, G. A. R., and the loyal citizens of this place, was passed a resolution condemning the action of the House in pushing through the pauper Morrill bill and asking the Senate for a non-concurrence in the bill, and that they give us service pension with per diem. The Ingalls bill is good enough for us. If they can't pass a service bill then let them do nothing, and we will see to it that they step down and out as unworthy servants. We also want to return our thanks to THE BLADE for its untiring efforts in the interest of the soldiers, and through it to those true friends of ours who opposed that pauper bill in the House, on the grounds that it did not do justice to each soldier, and we want those gentlemen to know that THE BLADE is our mouth-piece so long as it holds to its present principles, that we honor it by our patronage.

Lost Their Claim Agents.

SUNCLIFF, PA.—Many soldiers lost hundreds of dollars by the claim agents in Washington refusing to procure the filing of their applications because it was not a clear case, and they might lose prestige or position in the department, when the cases afterward were allowed and pensions granted when it was too late to get the benefit of the arrearage act. The soldiers can in most instances attend to their own claims, and there are very few cases, if any, where a justice of the peace cannot succeed better than a pension agent in Washington city.

These agents have made enough of money off the soldiers and some of them have got so rich that they can interfere, and do at time prevent legislation for the benefit of the soldier when it would deminish the number or size of their fees.

Why not have a law by which only justices of the peace in the county where the claimant resides can act as agents for pension claims?—A. W. M.

Cannot Do Too Much.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—I read with pleasure the strong stand you take in favor of service pensions. The government cannot do too much for the men who offered their all. Although only a part may have been accepted, it was enough to entitle them to an abundant provision from the now strong and able government, whose life they protected in its hour of weakness and peril. Repair the breaches that time is making upon the flesh and blood bulwarks that stood as a defense in the hour of trial, and the nation will have builded a stronger defense against future danger to national life than "high raised battlements or steel-clad navies" can ever afford.—R. G. S., Co. B, 24th Iowa.

A Sample of Thousands.

COMO, S. D.—I am now 56 years old. I am not able to do half a day's work, and have never been since I came home. I have never applied for a pension, have always thought the government would do as it promised when we were called out to save the Union. But it seems we are all forgotten as free men, only to be remembered as paupers. I want to see a service, pension bill passed for all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors.—F. K., Co. C, 109th Pa. Militia.

The War Aged Them.

NEW CASTLE, PA.—I like the stand you are making in favor of the old soldier, and am in favor of the service pension bill, but I would like you to call the attention of our honorable Congress to the fact that an old soldier who has put in three years in the army during the last war is physically older at 50 years of age than a civilian would be at 62, and would suggest that the outside age be placed at 50 instead of 60.—J. H. P., Co. D, 4th N. Y. Heavy Art'y.

Comes Under the Morrill Bill.

SHANE'S CROSSING, OHIO.—I am in favor of the service pension bill although I will come in under the Morrill bill. Still I say, serve them all alike, as they deserve all this government will ever be able to pay them. By all means a service pension or the Republican party is doomed.—D. M., 42d and 43d Mo.

Brief Expressions.

COLFAX, WASH.—It is not only my will, but the will of every old soldier, that the per diem pension bill become a law.—R. C.

NEWCASTLE, MO.—Who is more entitled to a share of Uncle Sam's money that the old soldier, who should honor the old soldier by the paying of his just dues. Uncle Sam, give us a service pension.—J. C., Co. E, 13th Ind.

WYANET, ILL.—I have just read the Morrill bill. It is a greater insult to the veterans than G. Cleveland's veto of the dependent bill. If the Republicans in Congress want a Democrat elected in 1890, just pass Morrill's bill as it is, and it is done.—H. L. K.

REMUNERATIVE SONGS.

"She Wore a Wreath of Roses," was sold by the composer for £2 10s. When the copyright came to be sold the auctioneer's hammer fell at £500.

George Barker allowed the "White Squall" to go for 40 shillings, though after Messrs. Cramer had realized thousands by it they sent the composer a check for £100.

Leslie's well-known song, "Four Jolly Smiths," was recently sold for £262 10s, and that beautiful Scottish melody, "Afton Water," by Alexander Hume, for £160.

For "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," Henry Russell received £2, for "The Maniac," £1, and for "Man the Lifeboat," 10s. Yet all these songs have been a source of immense profit to the musicsellers.

"Grandfather's Clock" was for a season one of the most popular ditties of the nineteenth century. Thousands of pounds were made by it, yet Mr. E. C. Bertrand got only a few shillings for the copyright.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer," which the regimental bands played when the British soldiers were starting for the Crimea and from which the publishers have realized many thousands, secured for Henry Russell only £3.

Every one knows the song "Alice, Where Art Thou?" Mr. Wellington Guernsey, the composer, offered it to several publishers for a £5 note, but they refused the bargain, only to find, to their sore annoyance and dismay, that it eventually attained an immense sale.

Balfe's song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," was composed for Messrs. Boosey & Co., and was published on the royalty system. Shortly after it became popular Balfe sold his royalty to the firm for £100. Now the copyright, if put into the open market, would run into four figures.

From "God Bless the Prince of Wales," (which may be called the Welsh national anthem) the publishers are supposed to have netted thousands of pounds; yet all that Mr. Brinley Richards, the composer, received for the copyright was £20. The publishers did afterward give him 100 guineas as a bonus on its success.

For that very pretty and popular song "Kathleen Mavourneen" the composer, Mr. F. N. Crouch, received just £5. The same sum was paid to Milton for "Paradise Lost." The copyright is now in the hands of a London firm, who paid £552 for it, and poor Crouch some years ago was looking death in the face through starvation glasses.

Perhaps the most remunerative song of recent times, so far as the composer was concerned, was "The Lost Chord," from which alone Sir Arthur Sullivan realizes a handsome income. At first Sir Arthur was glad to part with the copyright of his songs for five or ten guineas, but since his name became famous he has published only on the basis of a royalty on each copy sold. The one of his better-known songs which he sold outright was "Sweethearts," for which the Messrs. Chappell paid him £700.—[New York Mail and Express.

RIGHTED THE WRONG.

Gen. John C. Fremont's Financial Troubles Cleared Up.

What a heartless blundering something this government of ours is anyhow. How careless it is as to people's feelings, how lacking in sympathy, how prone to forgetfulness and neglect that very nearly approaches to criminality. A thousand chapters in our national history could be quoted to show slowness of appreciation—a solid and somewhat disgraceful foundation upon which to rear that monumental truth, "Republics are ungrateful." The latest instance is one that has been in active circulation for some days past, and in many papers it is something short of remarkable. More than 40 years ago John C. Fremont, then a young lieutenant in the army of the United States, took possession of that land of gold—California—and established thereover a branch of our government. The position in which his wonderful courage placed him was full of responsibility. Large financial expenditures became necessary, and when the United States was slow to provide funds, Lieut. Fremont went to work on his own credit and bridged over situations that threatened disaster. After the lapse of many years, the general government and the state, between them, paid all the bills, or thought they did, but there was trouble between Fremont and the accounting officers in the treasury department. When the alleged experts had gone over the accounts, Fremont was notified that he was a debtor to his country in the sum of $10,000. He was naturally much distressed at this condition of affairs, which, however, did not develop until some time after he had left the military service. Had it been known sooner, his pay and allowances would have been stopped until the supposititious deficit was satisfied. A mediocrity of genteel poverty has prevented "the Pathfinder" from liquidating the debt; something he would undoubtedly have done, although he was satisfied it was unjust and incorrect. Now he is a retired major general, and it would have been a very easy thing for the government to collect the money. This was really about to be done, when the venerable general called upon Second Comptroller Gilkeson and asked for a little consideration. Col. Gilkeson immediately started an investigation and within an hour had discovered that the United States actually owed Fremont $2,800. The alleged claim of $10,000 was founded on the blundering calculations of a careless or ignorant clerk. Is it much wonder that the general fainted when Col. Gilkeson brought him the welcome news? Is there anything surprising in the truth that Gen. Fremont's daughter—who accompanies him continually—fell on her knees and thanked God with voiceless, but eloquent tears, right in the comptroller's office? Does it not seem too bad that twenty years of a man's life should be made miserable by the thoughtless error of a clerk? It is all right now, or it will be when Congress makes an appropriation to pay the $2,800 due, but no one knows how much the old veteran has suffered.

Full wreaths of flowers without foliage encircle many toques and turbans of velvet.

—Doctors cannot cure you. Cure yourself. Send two 2 cent stamps to Mansfield Prescription Co., Box 191 Cleveland, Ohio.

One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get grand wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required; we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $500 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & Co., Box 446, Portland, Maine.

VICISSITUDES OF NELLIE BLY.

Why She Lost Her Place After Her Co-operative Advertising Feat.

New York letter to Philadelphia *Inquirer*: Nellie Bly, whose trip around the world in a race against the imaginative record of Phineas Fogg, made such a furor a short while ago, will no longer shine as one of the stars of the New York *World* constellation.

And thereby hangs a tale.

Miss Bly—or rather Miss Elizabeth Cochrane—was the receipient of several offers from managers to conduct her upon a lecturing tour. She was at the time the best advertised young woman in this little world of ours. She had been widely described as beautiful, which she is far from being; as fascinating, which she is not, and as wonderfully plucky, which she is not at all. Proctor, J. M. Hill, the manager of the Union Square and Standard theaters, made her what appeared to be the best offer and it was accepted, and Miss Nellie started forth upon her tour presumably indorsed and backed, so far as free advertising goes, by the most widely circulated daily newspaper in America. At first the young woman was greeted with large audiences and her permanent success seemed assured.

But just here something happened.

The New York *World* had a libel suit on its hands into which Miss Nellie Bly had plunged that newspaper. As it will be remembered, this young woman reporter made a very clever exposure of Edward Phelps, the king of the Albany lobby. In the course of an inverview, into which she entrapped him by the well-acted representation that she was seeking in the New York legislature favorable consideration of a scheme, he wrote down the names of certain statesmen who, he claimed, were in his pay. Among them was that of Daniel W. Tallmage, one-time assemblyman from Kings county, and that gentleman, upon publication of the story in the *World*, brought suit in the Brooklyn Supreme court for damages, valuing the damages to his character at the sum of $50,000. In order to make a proper defense it was of course necessary to place Nellie Bly upon the witness stand, and when the case was ready for trial the *World* sent to its young globe-trotter, demanding her immediate presence in Brooklyn and naturally expecting a quick response. Miss Bly made a response that she was under the management of Mr. Hill and was engaged in a lecture tour, and therefore could not obey the summons. In this dilemma Manager Hill was appealed to and sent here for the young woman, requesting her to return to New York, and thereupon she most emphatically declined to do anything of the kind. What led to her assuming this attitude I am not prepared to positively state. Enemies have been unkind enough to suggest that she had become afflicted with the disease whereby the head weighs much more than the rest of the body, and which is popularly supposed to be incurable. Some of her friends, however, allege that she was never properly treated by the *World* and that she never received sufficient remuneration for the enormous advertising which she said to have given that journal. None of these defenders, however, have suggested that Mr. Pulitzer's cashier did not pay her every penny which it had been mutually agreed should be given her, and they unanimously fail to make mention of the fact that there is abroad an idea that the *World* has given Miss Bly an advertisement such as no woman of her age, position, and ability ever before received.

In any event the Tallmadge libel suit was brought to trial in the absence of the chief witness for the defendant. A postponement was asked for on account of the inability to subpœna her, she being without the jurisdiction of the court, but it was refused, and thereupon the lawyers for the *World* withdrew. The case, however, proceeded, and, after five minutes' deliberation, the jury, in the absence of any defense, found a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed damages at $20,000. Of course, this result will be fought in the higher courts. As a sequel to this, Miss Bly, as is now well known, has had a falling out with Manager Hill, and the lecture tour has been abandoned, and in consequence the young woman in question is now having a very pleasant, but, I fancy, rather idle time in this city.

A YANKEE VIEW OF A BRITISH POET.

I've been a-readin' Brownin'; our schoolmarm said he writ
The tallest kin'er potery the worl's diskivered yet;
Now I like potery better'n pie, or any kin'er sass,
An' hanker for't like winter crows a-hankerin' for grass.

I took the book down to the brook; sez I, "I'll hev it rich.
I'll soak myself in potery an' sentiment, an' sich;
The brook'll kinder keep in tune, the bobolink an' birds
Will sing their song, an' so keep time with this great poet's words."

An' so I started in to read; 'twas jest like ridin' roun'
In a big, bumpin,' dingle cart, right over new-ploughed ground;
An' now an' then the ex 'ud break, an' down you'd go kertlop,
Then two or three more wheels 'ud bust, an' then the hoss 'ud stop.

An' then he'd start off on a rush, an' go a-whirlin' roun';
Sometimes the cart wuz sideways, an' sometimes upside down;
An' then there'd come an awful jolt, a kinder crazy crash,
An' 'fust ye'd know, the dingle cart 'ud bust an' go to smash.

I 'spose that's w'en the poem stopped; I didn't read no more;
My bones wuz mixed permiscus-like, an' all my jints wuz sore;
The bobolink flew up a tree, an' never raised a yip,
An' I went home, an' thirteen weeks wuz laid up 'ith the grip.

—[S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

IN HIS NAME.

How a Little Girl Asked for the Butter and Got It.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's son, Rev. Chas. Stowe, of Hartford, Conn., met with an experience the other evening which completely nonplussed him.

One evening quite recently he dined with Mrs. J. W. Boardmann, proprietress of the Hotel Woodruff. Visiting Mrs. Boardmann is a cute little niece about 5 years old. She is a regular chatterbox, and makes many bright remarks during the day. Fearing lest the child would astonish the preacher by some outlandish saying, her aunt warned her to keep mum during the dinner.

The admonition was listened to with awe, and at the table the little one scarcely dared look at Mr. Stowe, not wishing to commit a supposed sin. While the servant was absent from the room the little girl noticed there was no butter on her small pink dish.

She didn't mind holding her tongue, but to eat bread without butter—that would never do. She took a survey of the table, and lo and behold, the butter dish was directly in front of the preacher. Wistfully she gazed at both for a few seconds. Never in her brief existence did she appear so pensive. Then, gathering all her courage, and clearing her throat, she said:

"Dear pastor, won't you please, for Christ's sake, pass the butter?"

Rev. Mr. Stowe never received such a shock. He leaned over his chair to pick up his napkin, which, of course, had not fallen. Mrs. Boardmann must at that moment have arranged a window curtain, and other guests were suddenly touched with a friendly cough.

Little Mabel, self-satisfied that she had done the proper caper, was the only one at the table who could positively prove that she was alive.—[Somerville Journal.

Too Thin.

His Mother (suddenly opening pantry door)—Here now, sir, what are you doing up there?

Tommy—Oh, nothin', Ma—nothin'. I'm just lookin' fer my Sunday school lesson sheet; its got lost somehow.—[Boston Beacon.

Couldn't Kill Them.

St. Peter (at the gate)—Well, who are you?

Applicant—I'm Dr. ——, of Boston.

St. Peter—Sorry we can't admit you, but there is absolutely nothing for you to do; you see, we are immortal.—[Harvard Lampoon.

ENGLAND AND THE SOUTH.

Free Trade a Confederate Idea—Bid for England's Recognition.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is known to every intelligent citizen that the constitution of the Southern Confederacy provided for free trade with foreign nations. That is to say, it contained a provision to the effect that duties upon imports should never be so levied as to discriminate in favor of domestic industries. This was understood at the time to be a bid for European favor and assistance, and particularly for the help of England. It is interesting, therefore, to learn that the Confederate dispatches now in possession of the government prove definitely that such was the case. They show, we are assured by Librarian Bancroft, of the State department, that the Confederate commissioners sent to England based their appeals for intervention upon the representation that secession was mainly due to sectional difference with regard to the tariff, and that the success of the rebellion would be a victory for free trade, and open an immense market for English products. The bait was a very tempting one, and the records show that England would have recognized the Confederacy for that reason had it not been that the sentiment against slavery was do strong that Lord Palmerston did not pare to take the step for fear of losing party prestige.

This disclosure has a significant relation to our present politics. The attitude of the Democratic party upon the tariff question to-day is precisely in harmony with the section of the Confederate constitution which was urged as an inducement for England to give aid and comfort to the rebellion. In other words, said constitution authorized a tariff for revenue only, and England was solicited to take sides against the North on the ground that such a policy would give her control of the markets of the South. There was no denial of that case of the logical effect of a tariff system so adjusted as to prevent home industries from securing any advantage over foreign competitors. It was plainly and diligently represented that there could be no domestic manufactures where the elevation of protection was wanting, and that England could accordingly sell to the South everything that she should require in that respect. The Democratic party is now asking the country to substitute for the existing policy the one that the Confederacy offered to England as a bribe for political and military co-operation in the work of destroying the Union. Its boasted doctrine of a tariff for revenue only is an exact reproduction of the constitutional provision by which the South expected to establish free trade and to make a profitable market for foreign goods. The experiment of secession did not succeed, and so free trade was not inaugurated. By the triumph of the Federal cause the policy of protection was indorsed and confirmed, and the results are seen in such a record of national prosperity as was never before known in the world. The American people are too sensible to exchange a system which has thus splendidly vindicated itself for one which is recommended only by the fact that it was put forward as the best reason for the recognition of the Jeff Davis government by England; and the Democratic leaders are therefore doomed to disappointment in the present instance as they were in the former one.

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

How He Contributes to the Greatness of the Republic.

The life led by a comfortable English or American farmer would represent wicked waste and shameful indulgence to a much richer French peasant, writes Frederick Harrison, in the March *Forum*. I myself know a laborer on wages of less than twenty shillings a week, who by thrift has bought ten acres of the finest garden land between Fontainebleau and the Seine, worth many thousand pounds, on which grow all varieties of fruits and vegetables, and the famous desert grapes; yet who, with all his wealth and abundance, denies himself and his two children meat on Sundays, and even a drink of the wine which he grows and makes for the market. I know a peasant family in Normandy, worth the houses, gardens and farms at least 500,000 francs, who will live on the orts cast out as refuse by their own lodgers, while the wife and mother hires herself out as a scullion for two francs a day. The penuriousness of the French peasant is to English eyes a thing savage, bestial and maniacal.

The French peasant has great virtues, but he has the defects of his virtues, and his home life is far from idyllic. He is laborious, shrewd, enduring, frugal, self-reliant, sober, honest and capable of intense self-control. He has a definite reward, but that reward is property in land, in pursuit of which he may become as pitiless as a bloodhound. He is not chaste (indeed, he is often lecherous), but he relentlessly keeps down the population

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON.....EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

THE BLESSING OF CONTENT.

The Evil of Trying to Live Beyond One's Means—Strive to Better Yourself But Be Not Envious of Others.

SOMEBODY once said that "It is no disgrace to be poor, but almighty inconvenient."

This somebody was referring to those who have plenty to eat, good clothes to wear, but not money enough to indulge in all the new fads and varieties, or buy a fresh costume for every week.

It is to the people of this class, and they are in a large majority, I wish to say my little word. Life holds much that is bright and good even if we can not cope with our rich neighbors. If you can not afford to blossom forth in raiment like that which makes your millionaire friend gorgeous, be content with what you can have, and make yourself as pretty as possible.

If people like you for your clothes and money alone, you are far better without their society, and to become a prey to green and yellow melancholy for each of these things is the height of folly. Possibly it is far easier to be happy and contented when the necessity of consulting the financial side of the question is never present; but right here the old, old saying will come in—"The anticipation is often better than the realization;" and those who have but to draw forth the ducats to have every wish gratified, lose the pleasurable excitement of anticipation that always comes when one has to plan and look ahead a little. What matters it to you if your bosom friend lives in a handsomer house, gives more parties, and does a thousand and one things more than you can afford? Find pleasure in her prosperity; enjoy these things when you are together, and when in your own home take pride in making it bright and cheery with the sunshine of your nature, and as handsome as your means will allow. But never go beyond these means. One seldom finds a happy household where the income does not exceed the outgo. Louisa M. Alcott, in her story of "Little Women," paints a home scene that leaves a sense of cosy comfortableness in the reader's mind. To be sure the family were poor and had a hard struggle to make two ends meet, but with all the self denials and little mortifications, the daily life of these "little women" held so much wholesome happiness, it leaves a sweet taste in one's mouth and a desire to go and do likewise. When one allows the demon of discontent to creep into the heart, health and happiness take wings and fly away; and when one stops to think, what is there in this world worth striving for but these two things?

I do not mean to advise my readers to settle down and live from day to day, year in and year out on what they have, without striving to better their condition. One can not be too ambitious—that is, in a certain direction. But they who make the wish for wealth and social position the emphasis of their lives, lose many of the pleasures that come by the way, and are blind to the joys that present themselves in the simple forms of every day life.

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may;
Old time is flying;
The flowers that bloom for us to-day,
To-morrow may be dying."

To my mind a woman given up to the demands of society is an object of pity. What does she know of the pleasures of home life? What does she know of the "lots of fun" that can be had at a very little expense?

Her ideas are all on a grand scale, and the quiet life of those who are not in society are to her a sealed book.

When Charles Dickens wrote "Our Mutual Friend," he gave us a picture of homely, contented life in Boffin's Bower, and of the two old people who were happy in their love for each other, until discontent, in the shape of Silas Wegg, entered their haven of rest and sowed the seeds of ambition for a position for which they were little fitted, even where there was money enough to buy everything save the ability to fill it gracefully. One can draw a nice little moral from this tale—be contented with what you have, do not long for the unattainable, and, above all, let your daily life be a proof of your well satisfied mind.

There is very little use in striving to deceive the world as to your financial condition. You may dress handsomely, give grand entertainments, and live at the rate of ten thousand a year, when you have only two; and ten to one when that lively fiend, debt, has you fast in his grasp, your only reward will be to have the people you have entertained say of you: "Yes, they live well and dress handsomely, but it is a mystery to us all where the money comes from."

There is one thing pretty certain in such cases—some one has to suffer. Either you endure an agony of mind, or the merchant who gave you credit pays the penalty, if you are devoid of a sense of honor and are content to let "the other man walk the floor." I once knew a young girl whose friends used to say of her: "Put her down on a desert island, with nothing but sand and sand flies, and she would find something to busy herself about, and be happy over," and it was characteristic of her. She had very little in her home life to make her happy—a drunken father, an invalid mother and a young sister to be educated.

All that stood between them and absolute want, were the uncertain earnings of the still more uncertain head of the house, and yet with it all, this girl, or *young person*, as the English would say, performed her duties of sweeping and dusting, baking and sewing with a light heart and comparatively contented mind, fully enjoying the pleasures that came in her way, and showing no envy or jealousy of her more fortunate friends. Many a one in her position would have been utterly wretched, but she possessed an inexhaustible wealth of happiness in a contented spirit.

To a great extent one can cultivate this sort of thing. Make up your mind to be happy and contented with your lot in life, get all the good you can out of each day, don't be always looking ahead for something better, and if more prosperous days do come to you, you will be all the more capable of enjoying them.

Content and happiness have been the key-note of this little lecture and I have played the same theme in many different variations, but a majority of the people of the world need to be brought to a realizing sense of how much they really have to be thankful for. Some of them ought to be glad that they are allowed to live!

When you are tempted to be envious of the man who rides in his carriage, and has more money than he knows what to do with, contrast your lot with the poor rag-picker who lives in the back alley, and then murmur at fate if you can. All things go by comparison, and you who are comfortably housed, clothed and fed, with money enough left to enjoy inexpensive pleasures, are as wealthy and fortunate in the eyes of some as the many times millionaire appears to you.

Those who are free from envy and jealousy, and are perfectly contented with their lot, come as close to happiness as we get in this world; and it rests in a great measure with ourselves how close that is. Fortune is but a fickle dame; her wheel makes many a strange turn, and it is always safe to be contented if you are comfortable, for there is no telling where the next turn may land you.

"Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave *enough* to any."

L. L. MARSH.

White Linen for Fancy Work.

THE craze for white linen for decorative purposes does not rest simply with table linen. No, indeed. When women get started in a particular direction, they always propose to exhaust the possibilities, and it is so in this case. Very much of the stylish fancy work now is some form of white linen embroidered with either white or delicately colored silks. Gold thread is also used, and if care is taken to get the Japanese, it will wash nicely.

A very pretty way of decorating is to get the small art squares and insert them in the white linen. If you want a very unique stand cover, get five small ones and a square of the finest white linen. Put one in the center and one in each corner, then work an all-over connecting pattern with gold. Finish the edge with fringe, or a hem edged with tassels or lace. If the lace is used, follow the pattern with gold thread.

Feather stitching has become very popular again as a finish or a way of making a border.

Bureau tidies and scarfs are made of white linen, though if something very dainty is desired, white India silk is employed for the purpose. The covers of sofa cushions are also made of this material—in fact there is no end to the ways in which white linen may be used for decorative fancies. Of course, everything in the way of ornamentation must be very dainty, in order to correspond with the fine white surface.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.—Very dainty and inexpensive frames are made from large ragged-edged cards. Tear the center open (carefully, however—there must be method in your madness to produce the proper effect) and fold the rough, ragged pieces back on the right side, tearing sufficiently to leave a square or oval opening for your picture. Gild the outside edges of the card, and either gild the turned-back portions slightly or paint upon each a small blossom. A square of paste-board, slightly larger than the photograph, may be glued upon three of its edges to the back for holding the picture.

KEY BASKET.—Procure a dainty little basket with a handle. Gild the outside or paint upon it some pretty design. Cut a piece of paste-board to fit the bottom and cover it with plush. Tie a pretty bow, the color of the plush, upon the handle.

BRACKET-SCARF.—Procure a square of China crepe, or India silk, or a pretty silk handkerchief. Ornament two sides with small silk tassels or balls. Gather a little to one side of the center, so as to make the ends of different lengths, and place a bow over the gathered portion. Hang over one corner of your bracket.

PINE CONES.—Pine cones, gilded, silvered and bronzed, make pretty ornaments to hang in odd places. Suspend seven or more by narrow ribbon of different length, joined at the top by a bow, on one long loop of which a small thermometer may be fastened.

COLLAR-BOX.—Cover the outside of an ordinary round box, such as gentlemen's collars come in, with old gold or satin. Line with blue, first covering the bottom of the box with perfumed wadding. Slightly wad the outside of the cover, and upon it paint a spray of forget-me-nots, or blue corn-flowers. A somewhat deeper box than that chosen for the collars can be utilized in the same way for a cuff box.

SOFA CUSHION.—Select cretonne of a large flowered design. Outline the largest leaves and flowers with gold "lap" cord, and work the centers of flowers in French knots with embroidery silk. Line with some plain material.

PARTY BAG.—A handsome bag for a present to a young lady is one in which she may carry her fan, slippers and other accessories, to a ball. Make it of generous length—say nearly a yard long. Mide of twelve shades of two-inch ribbon, joined by fancy stitches, every other strip of ribbon being either painted or embroidered, the bag will be pretty and dainty enough to delight any young woman's heart. It should be lined with plain silk or satin, be drawn up by silk cords the same color as the lining, and the bottom should be gathered to a small circular bit of pasteboard, covered by the lining. This bag may also be used for fancy-work, and would look very ornamental thrown over a chair-back.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

PRETTY NARROW LACE.—Cast on 8 stitches. 1st row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—t o—n—k 2; 2d, purl two and 8—p 1—k 3—o—n—k 1; 3d row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 5; 4th row—k 7—o—n—k 1; 5th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 5; 6th row—s and b 2—k 4—o—n—k 1.

RIBBED SILK MITTENS—6¼ kid glove size.—Cast on 20 stitches on 2 needles, 25 on the 3d—k the wrist—2 purl—3 plain—every 6th time purl all around; this row forms a rib. When starting the thumb, make 5 st—k 3 ribs (or 15 times around)—make 5 st each side of the thumb—k 3 more ribs—widen 5 each side of the thumb—k 3 ribs and take off the 25 thumb st—make 5 st to take their place on thumb needle—then knit like the wrist, until you have as much knit from the thumb, as the length of the thumb from the wrist, and narrow off as in other mittens, taking care to keep the 3 plain, 2 purl as even as possible until all the stitches are narrowed off. For a larger mitten more stitches may be cast on, but their number must be divisible by five.—LUCY A. FREEMAN.

DIRECTIONS FOR PANSY LACE.—Wind the thread ten times around a lead pencil, slip off, and without breaking, fill with 25 single crochets; fasten together with a slip stitch, chain 5, make 24 double crochets, with 2 ch. between each of them (or 1 double crochet in top of every single crochet, with 2 ch. between). Make three of these rings, and join them. Make as many of these "three rings" as required for length of lace, and join the top ones together all along in a row. Then begin at the last end of the piece, ch. 6 and fasten in top of every double crochet round both top and bottom edge. Then go round again with 8 ch., caught in the middle of every 6 ch. in the preceding row with a purl of 4 ch. between. Now the bottom edge is finished. Go across the top of the piece with 3 double crochet in top of every 8 ch. in the last round. Turn and come back with ch. 2 and fasten with slip stitch in top of every third double crochet in the preceding row. Turn again, put 1 double crochet in every 2 ch. in preceding row with 2 ch. between. I have some more very pretty patterns. You will hear from me in a week or so, for I wish to have a few words in the Correspondence column.—IVY LEAF.

Correspondence Clippings.

All honor to that sensible girl who boldly asserts that she is 36 years old, and yet will never marry unless she gets a chance that suits her. She is a true woman—were there more like her to honor matrimony; married people would be happier. There would be fewer neglected, broken-hearted wives and there would be truer men, more affectionate husbands. A husband can be nothing unless he is also a lover.

A single woman of any age, as long as she remains attractive, can have a lover; but, alas! show me the fortunate woman who can boast of his undivided heart after haste to get married has made her the unvalued property of a cold, indifferent husband.

I would rather be an old maid with a lover than a married woman with none. No girl need fear the name of old maid, as it would take more claws than her cats have to scare any man away from a woman if he loved her.

Still the woods are full of people who are constantly hooting at something, so for mercy's sake, girls, pity the screech owls and once in a while give them an "old maid" to hoot at.—NETTIE PATTERSON.

I want to tell you about my pansies. They are simply lovely, no two bunches bearing flowers alike, and they are larger than a silver dollar. I took nice fresh earth from the inside of an old, decayed stump; it was just as black and soft as it could be. I sowed my seed the last of March a year ago, in a box, giving them plenty of water and sunshine. In about two weeks my plants were up nicely, and as soon as the ground was in a condition to work they had three and four leaves, supported by a root two inches long. When I transplanted them plenty of dirt stuck to the roots, so that they never ceased to grow. Soon they were blossoming, and continued to do so until Christmas.

I then covered them with some brush and leaves, but as soon as it began to get warm this spring I removed the covering. By Easter Sunday, they were blossoming, and now they are just loaded with flowers. Plant them in a cool, shady place, and keep very wet.—OSAGE.

I would like to speak a piece of my mind about novels that have their foundation on the Scriptures, such as "Ben Hur" and "Come Forth." I fail to find either eloquence or beauty in the former, and the latter, to my mind, is a soft, sickening love story, that never happened. Such things are calculated to destroy the beauty of the Scriptures, I care not who writes them, and in place of helping a Sabbath-school to study their lesson, as some papers said it would, it would only be an injury to the cause. There is nothing elevating in it, and one is neither better nor wiser for having read it, though it is based on one of the grandest miracles the Savior of sinful man ever performed while he sojourned on earth. There should be nothing but that which is lovely written about Him, as there is something said in the Scriptures about taking His name in vain. It surely is doing so to use it in novels.

Where is the beauty or eloquence that is claimed for "Ben Hur," when he says "the crosses reeled like drunken men, and the middle one raised itself up in a menacing manner toward his persecutors?" The Scriptures say he prayed, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

There is an endless variety of subjects on which to write novels, without torturing the Scriptures. Why not take an imaginary sail on the Nile with Cleopatra and Antony? Or re-people Palenque or some other old ruins? Or write on the temperance question?—N. A. H.

Miss Addie Vance, I read your article in THE BLADE of April 24, and ever since have wanted to take your hand in a strong, hearty clasp. Now, through the medium of THE BLADE, let us shake. I would be proud to know you and number you among my particular friends. The girl who, in spite of all the unkind things that have been said about "old maids," has the grit and common sense to acknowledge herself to be one of the "awful old things" and glory in the fact that she is one of them, rather than the slave of some one that don't know how to appreciate her, is entitled to the highest esteem from all good, sensible people. As to the class that think it is a disgrace for a girl to remain in single blessedness, I would not care what they think. There is no one, perhaps, who does not think that marriage with one who is congenial is the happiest life, but as we journey through this vale of tears, we find a good many that seem to think the middle clause of the 18th verse of the second chapter of Genesis was intended for them, and forget, seemingly, that there is anything else in the Book, and no doubt wish now that they had obeyed the text more generally. I have a strong dislike for a girl that has no taste in choosing her male friends, but will talk to and respect a hog simply because he walks on two legs instead of four, and I think that if girls would pay more attention to the little things that go toward making a gentleman, before marriage, instead of harping about them afterward, there would be fewer skeletons in the homes around us. And in this particular I think we should pattern after the old maids. Now, Miss Vance, I hope when your friend Gabriel toots his horn that he will find you the happy wife of some good man who is worthy of you; but stick to your principles, and if we are so very fortunate as to reach that land where there is no such thing as marriage, I think we can pick out the "old maids" by the dazzling brightness of their crowns.—FRANK.

Inquiries.

Can any one give a cure for stammering?—SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one send explicit directions for the care of flowers, such as geraniums, etc., as pot plants? Please send them as soon as possible.—CRYSTAL VIOLET.

Will Harry S. Early send directions for making hair jewelry, as he promised to?—MRS. C. D. E.

Will some one furnish a "pot-pourri" recipe—one in which the oils of different spices are used?—MRS. L. A. FITCH.

Will some one tell me how to pack butter during the summer, so it will keep sweet and nice for six or eight months?—MRS. E. E. W.

Will some one tell me of a school where boys can obtain an education and learn a trade at the same place and time?—H. A. W.

Will some one tell me how to decorate a canteen? and also a palm leaf fan?—NOD AWAY.

Will some one tell me how to destroy currant worms?—PEACH BLOSSOM.

Will some one give a recipe for removing freckles?—SID.

Will some one tell how to take a mole off from the face? Also the receipt for floating island?—S. E.

Will "Amaryllis" send the recipe for hickory nut oil for the hair?—NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one send a reliable cure for palpitation of the heart?—TOLEDO.

Will some one send to the HOUSEHOLD directions for crochetting a set of toilet mats?—A. F.

Answers to Inquiries.

Miss R. G.—"Lila" is pronounced Lil-lah. "Social Etiquette" contains instructions for writing letters and cards for all occasions.—ED.

Mrs. McD.—If you write to the American Consul, London, Eng., you can obtain the information you desire.—ED.

Peggy.—We shall be glad of your "good" recipes.—ED.

Maddie.—The arrangements for a wedding depend upon whether you wish to have a quiet home wedding or a swell affair. If the first—which under most circumstances is decidedly preferable—an informal invitation to be present at the anniversary or the reception, will be sufficient. In calculating for your refreshments you can allow one large cake for 20 persons. The bride can remove her gloves or not, to cut the bride-cake; if she does remove them it should be done when she takes her seat at the table. White flowers would be most suitable for a bride to wear with a dress of pale pink. In all such arrangements the less there is of formality or stiffness, the better.—ED.

Ella G.—A "thimble party" is one where ladies carry their work, not especially sewing that would require the use of a thimble, but any bit of work they may wish to do.—ED.

James H. K.—There is a manual training school in Toledo; also one in Chicago and St. Louis.—ED.

If "Bachelor" will bathe his feet occasionly in alum water, he will be pleased with the result.—J. T. G.

Mrs. L. F. Inman—Send the recipe to the HOUSEHOLD, so that all may be benefited by it.

Inexperienced—In "Answers to Inquiries," in THE BLADE of May 3, you will find the information you desire.

S. E. Adams—The bride and groom wear white gloves during the ceremony. If they are married with a ring, the bridesmaid removes the glove from the left hand of the bride at the proper time. Very often the finger of the glove is cut so that it may be removed without taking off the glove. It is sufficient for the bride and groom to simply say "thank you" in answer to congratulations.—ED.

S. E., Blue Rapids—It is impossible to say what a story is worth without first reading it.

If "Grandma" will apply common baking soda to the wart, it will take it off. Wet the wart with a little water, and rub on the soda. Use night and morning.—M. E. S.

"Grandma."—Make a paste of good vinegar and soda, and apply several times a day. It will remove the wart that is on your granddaughter's chin.—PEACH BLOSSOM.

C. J. B.—Use vaseline camphor ice. This has been tried and found good.—M. E. S.

In answer to the many inquiries that have been sent regarding the sulphur and syrup remedy published in the BLADE a short time ago, we will say that it is to be taken a teaspoonful each night for three successive nights; then omitted three nights. Repeat this until you have taken the mixture for nine nights. If you do not feel beautiful enough then, wait a week and repeat the treatment. After the ninth night, a gentle cathartic is generally necessary. If it does not make you look beautiful, there isn't a shadow of a doubt but that it will make most people feel much better.—ED.

Swanton, O.—The circles of the King's Daughters are expected to report to the county Secretary, who in turn, has to make a monthly report of all circles to the State Secretary.

Recipes.

FOR "LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAID'S" COMPLEXION.—1 fluid oz. benzoin, turned slowly into 8 ozs. rose water, shaking all the time. Take 1 oz. pure glycerine, 1 teaspoonful borate of soda; stir together, adding 1 oz. of emulsion of bitter almonds. Stir them well together and add slowly to the rose water and benzoin, shaking all well. The face, neck and hands should be washed with tepid water and wiped dry, then apply mixture, letting it dry on the skin. To be applied morning and evening. Best let a druggist prepare it.

WHITE WASH.—1 bu. unslacked lime, slacked with cold water; 20 lbs. Spanish whiting; 2 lbs. salt; 12 lbs. sugar. Strain through a wire sieve, after thinning with cold water. Apply three good coats, and you will find it resists rains admirably.—PELICAN.

RECIPE FOR STAMPING POWDER.—Take ½ resin and ½ charcoal; mix and use as powder. When stamped, press with warm iron.—C. E. H.

FOR THE HAIR.—Sage tea, with a little salt added, will sometimes strengthen the roots and prevent hair from falling out.—M. J. D.

Take 1 teaspoonful of salt and enough rain water to dissolve it; to this, add 2 tablespoonfuls coal oil. This will prevent the hair from falling out and cause a new growth.—M. A.

VINEGAR PIE.—1 pt. vinegar, 1 pt. sugar, 1 tablespoonful corn starch; dissolve, and put in the boiling vinegar, add the sugar, and bake in a quick oven. This quantity is sufficient for two pies.—JENNIE S.

FOR COLORING SCARLET.—Take soft water enough to cover goods and bring to a boiling heat. Add 1½ ozs. cream tartar for every lb. of goods. Boil one minute; add 1 oz. of powdered cochineal and 3 ozs. muriate of tin; boil 15 minutes. Wet goods in warm water, then boil in the dye nearly one hour, stirring and airing by lifting goods with a stick. Rinse in cold water and dry.

JELLY PIE.—6 eggs, all but the whites of 2; ¾ cupful jelly, ¾ cupful sugar, ½ cupful cream, 1 teaspoonful butter. This is enough for 3 pies; use the two whites that were omitted for frosting. Bake with one crust.—M. A. K.

CHOCOLATE CARAMEL CAKE.—2 cupfuls of white sugar, ¾ of cupful butter, 4 eggs, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour to make stiff as any other cake. Divide in three equal parts, mixing ⅓ cake of chocolate with one third, making the dark layer.

CARAMEL.—Butter size of an egg, 1 pt. of brown sugar, ¾ cupful of milk or water, ½ cake of chocolate. Boil until thick, and spread between the cakes, placing the dark third in the middle.

LEMON PIE.—Yolks of 4 eggs, 1½ cupfuls of sugar, ⅝ cupful of water, 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved, 1½ lemons. Let it cook until it thickens. Use the whites of the eggs for frosting the top, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. This makes two pies.

LEMON CRACKERS.—2½ cupfuls of sugar, cupful of lard, 1 pt. of sweet milk, 2 eggs, 5 cents' worth of oil of lemon, 5 cents' worth of carbonate of ammonia, flour to make stiff enough to roll. Pound as long as you can, then roll thin, and cut out like crackers.—M. E. B.

Vinegar is better than ice for keeping fish. By putting a little vinegar on fish it will keep perfectly well, even in very hot weather, and its flavor is often improved by this treatment.

At this time of the year, when it is so difficult to know what to have for dessert, a few recipes will be very acceptable, and first we give one for

ORANGE SOUFFLE.—Peel, slice and seed 4 large oranges; put them in the dish in which you wish to serve them and sprinkle 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar over them. Then make a custard of 1 qt. of new milk, the yolks of 5 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar; put this in a double milk boiler and stir constantly until it begins to thicken, then pour over the sliced oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with 1 teaspoonful of sugar and ½ teaspoonful extract of lemon, and spread over the custard. Place in the oven a few minutes, till it is a light brown, then set the dish where it will keep cold till served.

Next we give Mrs. Senator Quay's

FROZEN APRICOTS.—Cut 1 can of apricots into small pieces; add 1 pt. of sugar, 1 qt. of water and freeze. When nearly frozen add 1 pt. of whipped cream. Any other fruit can be used in the place of apricots, the amount of sugar used to be adapted to the needs of the fruit.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Slice raw potatoes thin, and let them remain in cold, salted water ½ hour; put into a pudding dish, with a little butter, salt, pepper and milk, about ⅓ pint for an ordinary dish. Bake in the oven for 1 hour. Slicing allows the interior of the potato to be examined. Soaking in the cold, salted water hardens and seasons the slices, the milk serves to cook them and to make them of a nice, brown color. At this time of the year, when potatoes are small and poor, this method of preparing them will be found to be excellent.—W.

For the Young Folks.

ROVER IN CHURCH.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,
And all the village, old and young,
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung,
The windows were open, and breezes sweet
Fluttered the hymn books from seat to seat.
Even the birds, in the pale leaved birch
Sang as softly as if in church.

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer
There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,
I wonder?" the gray-haired sexton thought,
As his careful ear the tapping caught.
Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,
The boys on the back seats turned around.
What could it mean? for never before
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,
The minister paused (though his head was bowed),
Rappety-rap! This will never do;
The girls are peeping, and laughing, too!
So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,
Lifted the latch, and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog
Right up the center aisle he pattered;
People might stare, it little mattered.
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say,
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day;
But better late than never, you know.
Besides, I waited an hour or so,
And couldn't get them to open the door,
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor,
Now little mistress, I'm going to stay,
And hear what the minister has to say."

The poor little girl hid her face, and cried!
But the big dog nestled close to her side,
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be!
The dog being large (and the sexton small),
He sat through the sermon, and heard it all,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air!
And, instead of scolding, the minister said,
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head,
After the service, "I never knew
Two better listeners than Rover and you!"

A NEW PLAY.

ALTHOUGH this article was written for parents, the children can utilize it, and thus have many of the "good plays" which mamma objects to on account of the trouble it makes her.

"Did you ever hit on this way to get a cluttered sitting-room put to rights by the very little folks who have brought about in it chaos itself. The chidren consider it great fun to overturn chairs and hang rugs on them for tent doors; to strew the carpet with playthings and snippings of paper; to drop books, picture-cards, building blocks and dollyand her swardrobe, just where the newest tack of their latest play left them; but it is not always fun, either for you or them, to get all this litter and clutter picked up and cleared away.

"Of late we have made a little game of such work by giving each child so many breadths of carpet, and all that might be upon them, to put in perfect order. There are five breadths in our sitting-room carpet, and in such a 'corner' in the disorderly state of the room, I give two breadths—not consecutive lengths—to each of the two older children, and the fifth breadth to the little 3-year-old, choosing for her the strip of carpet that has the least litter upon it. When little children have keen interest in such work, it is surprising how swiftly and deftly they will straighten rugs, fold papers, pick up shreds and litter, and put away playthings.

"From end to end of their carpet breadths our small people go—setting back chairs, making neat piles of the scattered books and papers that clutter the tables and shelves, winding the straggling threads in mamma's spool and yarn baskets if they chance to be in their territory, winging the hearth, and patting up, plump and smooth, chair and lounge pillows, till even mamma's sharp eyes cannot see a raveling to pick or one more paper to fold. She can quietly go on with her sewing or mending all through a long afternoon while her room is alternately being put in and then put out of order, only she must be wise enough to plan that the former comes last on the programme before their supper or bed time hour comes.

"The children are so quick to notice and herald each other's oversights and any slovenliness in this play-work of clearing sections of the room, that I have little need to call their attention to any article or scrap left out of place. Even the baby will trot across the room to reprovingly point to a wrinkled rug or an overlooked toy on a strip of her little sister's territory, and gravely says: 'See there?' If a chair or table, with its tumbled heap of books or papers, stands on two carpet breadths, the exacting little landholders require each other to put to rights just such a part as stands on their divison of territory, and the chair, basket or stand, I have seen the little tots good naturedly lug away together."

With a little ingenuity children can soon be taught to "pick up" their toys, and to put back the articles they have displaced.—[Good Housekeeping.

GALENA GEORGE'S HORSE.

One day last autumn a miner, whose home is an adjoining county, and who lives alone in a small cabin in the foot hills, several miles from his nearest neighbor, reached home about dusk from an extended prospecting tour, worn out and sick. He removed the saddle and bridle from his horse and turned him loose to graze, and, entering his cabin, threw himself upon his cot and awoke late in the night with a raging fever.

Morning came, and he was unable to leave his bed. His horse could be heard near by, evidently waiting for his coming.

All day long the animal remained within hearing, and during the hours of the second night could be heard moving about restless, as though conscious that some misfortune had befallen his master.

Daylight appeared, and the sick man made an effort to speak. The horse, hearing the voice, went to the door of the cabin, and, pushing it open, thrust his head into the sick man's presence, at the same time giving a low whinny, to which there was no response save a moan of distress.

For a moment or two the horse seemed bewildered, then quickly withdrew, and in a few moments galloped rapidly away.

The nearest neighbor was a ranchman whose home was on the river about six miles distant. Once in awhile this neighbor rode over to the miner's camp for a short visit; but these trips were irregular.

The ranchman had finished his breakfast and was just coming out of his house, when his attention was attracted to a horse coming down the mountain road at a gallop.

The horse did not slacken his speed until he reached the inclosure near the house. He was flecked with foam, showing that he had come from a distance and at unusual speed.

The ranchman, knowing the horse, spoke to him gently, which the animal acknowledged by a loud whinny, at the same time running up and down the road by the corral. The ranchman approached the horse, which would not suffer itself to be captured, but galloped off toward its home, stopping at a short distance and looking back with evident anxiety.

The ranchman returned to the corral, when the horse again came down the road and moved uneasily about, as if determined to attract attention, whinnying and occasionally giving a loud snort, as though frightened.

Another attempt to capture the horse, which usually was a very gentle creature, succeeded no better. The horse ran up the road again, and called to the man to follow by every dumb sign, almost as plainly as though he was possessed of the power of speech.

These unusual proceedings so impressed the ranchman that he felt that something was wrong. Could it be that Galena George—as the miner and owner of the horse was called—had met with some mishap? Maybe he had been murdered in his lonely cabin, or had accidentally fallen into the shaft of his mine.

The strange conduct of the horse indicated something unusual, and the ranchman called one of his assistants. The men quickly saddled two of the best horses on the place, and taking ther revolvers to guard against danger, and providing some medicines and stimulants, rode rapidly away in the direction of Galena George's house.

George's horse, seeing this movement, manifested great pleasure, and started on a gallop toward home. The horsemen followed at a lively pace, but the free horse kept well to the front, now and then looking back as if to be sure that the chase had not been abandoned.

In about 40 minutes from the time of starting, the men reached the cabin.

They dismounted, and entering found George upon his couch, apparently dead. At the door stood the faithful horse, patiently waiting. The sad sight was so touching as to force tears to the eyes of the men.

One of the men set about preparations for the relief of the sick man, the other remounted his horse and galloped away for a physician, the nearest of whom lived some twenty miles away.

Before sundown of that day the doctor reached the miner's cabin. Within a fortnight he was able to walk about. When told of the remarkable conduct of his horse he wept like a child. He said that he had always known that his horse was unusually intelligent and affectionate, but he could scarcely believe the story.

Not long since, a gentleman, having learned of the incident related above, expressed a desire to purchase the horse, but George informed him that no amount of money could tempt him to part with the animal; that it was his intention to keep him as long as he lived, upon the very best that the land could produce, and when he died to bury him decently, and erect over his grave a monument with the inscription, "To my best friend."—[Youth's Companion.

WHAT MARY GAVE.

She gave an hour of patient care to the little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and bent pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she labored to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this is not all Mary gave. She dressed herself neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story by her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and, when all was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.—E. H. H.

THREE GOOD WISHES.

A gentleman, while at the dinner table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of 12 years: "Father, I have been thinking if I could have one single wish of mine what I would choose." "To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes; what would they be? Be careful, Charley." He made his choice thoughtfully: first, of a good character; second, of good health; and third, of a good education. His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches and various other things are held in high esteem among men. "I have thought of all that," said he, "but if I have a good character, and good health and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything will come along in its right place." A wise decision indeed for a lad of that age.—[Christian Standard.

A PARABLE OF LOVE.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt until he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface until they were all worn down and, broken, he fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce blow off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame.

They all despised the flame, but he curled gently around the iron, embraced it, and never left it until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of those, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.

What It Costs

Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people, in buying even necessities of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla commends itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle taken according to directions will average to last a month.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Coming—The summer girl.—[New York Herald.

A joy forever—The tailor-made girl.—[New York Herald.

Society lions are generally men who are able to lie on their roars.—[Elmira Gazette.

American girls are not fond of domestic life. It is ruling their own domestics that they aspire to.—[Texas Siftings.

When it comes to eating philopenas the most selfish girl is generally willing to divide.—[Binghamton Republican.

"I don't come a-miss," observed the widow leading her prospective second husband to the altar.—[Illustrated Hotel World.

It takes a wise man to distinguish the fact that what interests him is not always what is pleasing to everybody else.—[Milwaukee Journal.

Our women may go abroad to find husbands, but our men like to find wives at home.—[Philadelphia Times.

The Japanese

Carry their tooth-picks in their back hair, and always use them after eating anything. They take care of their teeth, and the teeth take care of their stomachs. Use tooth-picks freely, clean with SOZODONT, and bad teeth and breaths will be scarce.

The Sunday School.

Title: The Good Samaritan.

Golden Text: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—Lev. 19:18.

LESSON TEXT.
(Luke 10:25-37.)

LESSON IX, SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1890.

25. And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

26. He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

27. And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

28. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

29. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

30. And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

31. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

32. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

33. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

34. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

35. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

36. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

37. And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPICATIONS.

Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? (v. 25.) A great many persons would be glad to inherit eternal life when they were no longer in the possession of mere mortal life. Indeed, most persons would be willing to pay something, or do something, as a means of

Talmage's Sermon.

TALK ABOUT CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Golden Rule and How It Should be Applied in the Ordinary Transactions of Business in Every Day Life.

BROOKLYN, May 18.—The Tabernacle congregation is still worshiping in the Academy of Music, but expects next September to have the main auditorium of the new tabernacle ready for use in the holding of services. After the usual preliminary exercises this morning, Dr. Talmage preached on "The Old Fight to Be Settled," from the text, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." (Matt. vii, 12.) Following is the sermon in full:

Two hundred and fifty thousand laborers in Hyde Park, London, and the streets of Lancashire cities filled with processions of workingmen carrying banners, brings the subject of labor and capital to the front. That all this was done in peace, and that as a result in many places arbitration has taken place is a hopeful sign.

The greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they have for the last twenty years been going on, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be lost.

Given Up to Palaces and Hovels.

The antagonistic forces have again and again closed in upon each other. You may poohpooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism, but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. Most of the attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Give us more wages!" say the employees. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain conditions, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulated in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country three million hungry men and women. Now, three million hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep three million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never! The throw of the iron hand more rigid, the fist of the other more clinched.

But that which human wisdom cannot achieve will be accomplished by Christianity it is to be given full sway. You have heard of medicines so powerful that one drop would stop a disease and restore a patient; and I have to tell you that one drop of my text properly administered will stop all these woes of society and give universal sense and complete health to all classes. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I shall first show you this morning how this controversy between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you

How This Controversy Will be Settled.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no laboring man on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate investment, or through some fortune of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and there are those millionaires who have gathered their fortune through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been rich, but they smoked up a chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency.

It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this controversy between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder. Blow up tomorrow the country seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square and Brooklyn Heights, and Brooklyn Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Bacon street, and all the bricks and timber and stone will just fall back on the bare head of American labor. The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. A few years ago assassination—the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland—only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The attempt to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect: to throw out of employment tens of thousands of

Innocent Irish People in England.

In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good reason or bad reason; obstructions on the railroad track in the time of midnight express trains because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they are going to sail, or in the printing offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its eyes. As a result of one of our great American strikes you find that the operatives lost four hundred thousand dollars' worth of wages, and have had poorer wages ever since. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers and violence never took one knot out of the knuckle of toil or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry, and, passing into what is called the puddling room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and toil, and he will say to him: "Why, it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week, so as to pay the nurse and get the medicine, just come into my office any time."

After awhile, crash goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does now know what to do. He says: "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Toward evening he calls the laborers together. They stand all around some with arms akimbo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says: "Men, business is bad; I don't make $30 where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see, I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me, and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you, I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off 20 per cent from our wages, and that when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrades and says, "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say ay."

"Ay! ay! ay!" shouted two hundred voices.

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister of religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working classes

Standing Around the Tomb.

The great want of the world to-day is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon on the mount. The political economists under the archivolt of the heavens in convention for a thousand years, cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary war there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! yo heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help to lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington! Now, that is about all the gospel I know—the gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is the gospel of helping somebody else to live.

"Oh," says some wiseacre, "talk as you will, the law of supply and demand will regulate these things until the end of time." No, it will not, unless God dies and the batteries of the Judgment Day are spiked, and Pluto and Proserpine, king and queen of the infernal regions, take full possession of this world. Do you know who Supply and Demand are? They have gone into partnership, and they propose to swindle this earth, and are swindling it. You are standing on the shore, Supply and Demand stand on the shore, one on one side, the other on the other side of the life boat, and they cry out to you: "Now, you pay us what we ask you for getting you to shore, or go to the bottom!" If you can borrow $5,000 you can keep from failing in business. Supply and Demand say: "Now, you pay us exorbitant usury or you go into bankruptcy!" This robber firm of Supply & Demand say: "Hay is dear! The crops are short. We bought up all the wheat and it is in our bin. Now you pay our price or starve!" This is your magnificent law of supply and demand.

Supply and demand own the largest mill on earth, and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women and children they can shovel out of the canteries and the blood and the bones redden the whirley whole into milk grist. The diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand aside, and instead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co-operation, the law of kindness, the law of sympathy, the law of Christ.

Have you no idea of the coming of such a time? Then you do not believe the Bible. All the Bible is full of promises on this subject, and as the ages roll on the time will come when men of fortune will be gifted larger sums for humanitarian and evangelistic purposes, and there will be more James Lenoxes and Peter Coopers and William E. Dodges and George Peabodys. As that time comes there will be more parks, more picture galleries, more gardens thrown open for

The Holiday People and the Working Classes.

And now I have two words, one to capitalists and the other to laboring men.

To capitalists: Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some capitalists I know who walk around their employes with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate that they are the autocrats of the universe, with the sun and the moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember, those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world before you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man who died eight or ten years ago, leaving in his will $20,000,000, yet giving how much for the church of God? How much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well; but in all this will of twenty million dollars, how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving twenty millions of dollars and not one cent to God! It is a disgrace to our civilization.

To laboring men—I congratulate you on your prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburg, and at Washington. This will go on until you have representetives at all headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratulate you also on the opportunities for your children. Your children are going to have vast opportunities. I congratulate you that you have work, and that when you are dead your children will have to work. I congratulate you also on your opportunities of information. Plato paid one thousand three hundred dollars for two books. Jerome ruined himself, financially, by buying one volume of Origen. What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children! A working-man going into a shop to buy a book of a publishing house and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says, "I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on and he gets the value of that book for fifty cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workingmen of America as the day that is coming.

But the greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the One who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings aggelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition, coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending His first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around him the fishermen to be his chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and ax, and in a carpenter shop showing himself brother with the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for his obsequies. By charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but he was higher. None so poor, but he was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Brown Leghorns.

J. J., Missouri: The Leghorn is an egg producer to be relied upon until they are 12 months old, if properly fed and housed. Some will do well after this period, for a few months, but after the time named it is best to market these fowls.

Horse Breathes Quickly — Sweats Easily.

J. M., Indiana: Give your mare 12 ozs. raw linseed oil. After this operates, give a half oz. saltpeter in drinking water twice a day for three days. Then take of belladona 1 drachm, powdered nux vomica 1 drachm; mix with powdered licorice and molasses into a ball, and give the above quantity once a day for two weeks.

No Hair on Tail—But Little on Mane.

D. R., Kansas: Unless the hair follicles are destroyed in the tail of your colt, if you will take of strong mercurial ointment, ¼ oz.; castor oil, 1 oz.; oil of origanum, ¼ oz.; lard, 1½ ozs., and rub on tail and mane, the hair will grow. Melt the lard, and then rub all the other ingredients down in a mortar.

Shakes Her Head—Turns Head to Her Side.

T. J., Kansas: Your mare's trouble, in the opinion of the editor, judging from your letter, is not in her head. She evidently has either thread or round worms, and is suffering from indigestion, which makes her colicky. Examine her droppings for several days, and you may discover either large or small worms. Write again and give observations.

Eggs Will Not Hatch.

J. V. M., West Virginia: If your Leghorn rooster is too gallant to the mixed bred hens to prevent the eggs of your Leghorn hen from hatching remove the rooster and hen to a separate pen. Ten hens to a rooster are sufficient. You may do this for several days without fear of the eggs of the mixed breeds not hatching.

What the Cause of Nasal Gleet and Glanders.

C. W. McK., California: Prolonged discharge of mucus or pus from one or both nostrils is called nasal gleet. It usually extends to the sinuses in the upper jaw bone. It may result from neglected catarrh, from some foreign substance which has been thrust up the nose, or from cancer. It may be the lingering effects of epizootic trouble or influenza. If there is a foreign body it must be removed. If cancer, it is incurable; if from neglected cold, give tincture of chloride of iron, 1 oz.; water, 1 quart. To be used once a day. The most frequent cause of glanders is bad air in close, ill-ventilated and filthy stables. Its impurities is debilitating to the system. Hard work, poor feed, sudden changes in the atmosphere, neglected cold, and various other things will cause glanders. There are discharges from one or both nostrils, that are glossy, thick and gluey, and frequently stick to the nostrils. This is peculiar to glanders alone. The discharges are not always copious. The membrane of the nose turns to a dark, dirty yellow, or leaden hue; ulcers appear on its membrane. A noticeable thing of the nasal bone is a feature of glanders. The glands of the throat are swollen, although this may occur in other diseases. The only way is to kill the animal that has glanders to prevent it spreading among other horses. Where glanders are suspected a veterinary should be called without delay.

Milk of Cow Hard and Cheese-Like.

Mrs. H. C., Tennessee: For the trouble of which you speak give your cow a pound of sulphate of magnesia in a quart of warm water, in which there is stirred a teaspoonful of molasses. When this operates, give daily, an ounce of hyposulphite of soda, for two weeks. Gently knead the udder with the hands and apply warm water to the udder, being careful to dry it well off.

Throws Her Head Up and Down.

G. G. McC., Illinois: As your mare has, no doubt, foaled by this time, the trouble of shaking her head is, perhaps over. In her condition nothing should have been done. If she yet shakes her head, write, giving a clear idea as to how she acts.

Swelling on Stifle Joint of Colt.

J. S. P., Kansas: Bathe the part for several hours with warm water; then apply iodine ¼ oz., soap liniment 6 ozs. Keep the colt as quiet as possible for at least a month. If by this time the swelling has not decreased, you will have to rub the part with bin-lodide of mercury 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs.

Mare Taken With a Spasm.

D. E. K., Oregon: Your mare had spasmodic colic. This is the result of sudden changes of diet, improper food, overwork, worms, constipation, ulcers of the stomach, etc. Its tendency is to inflamation. The first thing to be done is to relieve the pain with an opiate, say half an ounce of laudanum, in warm water, and afterward 5 drachms of aloes in a pint of warm water. A good formula is that recommended by Dr. Channer; namely, chloroform, laudanum, sulphuric ether, of each, 1 oz.; linseed oil, 8 ozs.

Sick Rooster.

J. H. Z., Nebraska: Your rooster is suffering from indigestion. Give him a full teaspoonful of castor oil and repeat it next day. Feed no corn, but plenty of grass and some boiled rice. Give him no corn. If the crop is packed and the oil does not help him, cut the crop open with a sharp knife, take out the contents and sew the cut up. It will not hurt him. For diarrhea, take of laudanum, spirits of camphor, rhubarb and cayenne pepper, equal parts. Give each fowl 20 drops in a full tablespoonful of water; repeat as occasion may require. Clean the house of the fowls well and sprinkle the floor with carbolic acid and water—an ounce of the former to a gallon of the latter. Whitewash the inside of the house.

Urinates Every Fifteen or Twenty Minutes When in the Stable.

J. C. N., Kansas: Your horse acts as if he were troubled with either gravel or stone in the bladder. Yet it may be only a habit. Does he at any time show stiffness of the limbs, switching of the tail? Does his water flow freely at times, and at other times stop, and he makes strong effort to empty his bladder? The frequent staleing is a symptom. If these indications are observable, there is no way to get rid of the trouble only by "cutting for stone," which can only be done by a competent veterinarian. Perhaps he has been given too much diuretic medicine, which has caused it strangury. If not, give him as a ball, powdered camphor, 2 drs., saltpetre, ½ oz.

Pig Has Rheumatism.

L. A. P., New York: Your pig has rheumatism. Give it in soft feed ½ oz. Epsom salts. Bathe its limbs with warm mustard water, and rub a teaspoonful of turpentine on the small of its back. Keep it in a warm, dry pen, and do not allow it to get damp.

Holds Up Milk—Mare Had Twins and Lost Them.

A. A., Iowa: A cow that holds up her milk does so through wilfulness. This occurs at times when the first calf has been taken from the cow. Sometimes the habit may be broken by giving the cow enticing food, such as a pailful of warm bran or meal slop. This draws her attention. Another way is to lay a heavy weight across the loins, such as a chain or bag with sand in it. The best plan is to use milking tubes. These pass into the milk reservoir, and draw off the milk.

A mare that has once aborted as yours did twins, must be carefully groomed and kept away from any excitement. Keep her bowels regular with bran mashes and a little raw linseed oil—not more than a pint at a time, and this must not be used unless the bowels are constipated. Give no medicine at all, if possible. The editor is opposed to giving medicine to a mare with foal. A mare that has once aborted is liable to do so again.

The Cider Question.

Many of our good readers are much exercised in spirit over the cider question. They realize that hard cider is a potent cause of intemperance in our country, and that much of the prevailing cause of misery, pauperism, degradation and crime in rural districts is traceable, directly or indirectly, to its use. But what are they to do? The two main uses of cider are as a beverage and an element in the manufacture of "pure cider vinegar." The latter use requires but a small part of the product of the cider mills. By means of acids, a spurious article is so cheaply and quickly made, and can be so readily sold that the sale of the pure article is greatly curtailed. The price at which the latter can be sold in this or any other large market is so low as to be unremunerative. Quite a profitable business is being done in some parts of the country in the manufacture of apple jelly from cider, but the amount used in this way is small. The larger part of the cider manufactured is used as a beverage, either directly or in the various forms of applejack, champagne cider, etc. This fact certainly is deplorable, and the farmers are usually the greatest sufferers, for the use of cider as a beverage is more general in the country than in the city where liquors are more easily obtainable. But the farmers of this country have the remedy in their own hands. What business has an orchardist to grow cider apples? Many of the old orchards of the country were largely "natural fruit." These are rapidly disappearing, and orchards of grafted fruit are taking their places. Rightly treated, these will yield choice fruit that will sell at remunerative prices, and the proportion of apples fit only for cider will be very small, probably no more than enough to supply the demand for vinegar and apple jelly. Viewed in this light, the matter becomes a personal one, and individual effort is all that is needed to do away with a strong element in the forces of intemperance. Why raise cider apples?—[Rural New Yorker.

Counterfeiting Foods.

In relation to the iniquity of dairymen in making filled cheese, which *The Prairie Farmer* has condemned time and again, and which is largely practiced by unscrupulous men in some western states where creamery butter is largely made, we again utter a protest. Probably not so long as, legislatures, when they enact laws against adulterations and spurious goods, draw them so loosely that evasion is more than easy. Will the evil cease to exist?

It is a scandal and shame that counterfeit goods should be made and sold; and that legislatures are to blame goes without saying. That there has been a special reason for this legislation we have long believed, and stated as much, and it looks so like pandering to the greed of dishonest manufacturers, that this is believed by many, besides those newspaper editors who have consistently and persistently condemned this class of legislation.

It has been stated that dishonestly made cheese is not the rule. It is so much the rule that all cheese is looked on with suspicion that does not bear the brand of a firm known to be above suspicion. It is about time that some general law were passed that would leave no loop-hole of escape to those who adulterate the food we eat, or that made for export. Counterfeited food should send the counterfeiter to the penitentiary.

Pig-Feeding.

As the result of pig-feeding experiments Prof. Cooke, of the Vermont station, concludes that these propositions are sound:

1. Pig-feeding is profitable even at the low price of 5½ cents per pound, dressed weight. Provided,

2. The pig is sold at an early age.

3. The pig should be sold as soon as possible after it reaches a live weight of 150 pounds.

4. Grain can be fed to young pigs with profit; fed to pigs weighing over 200 pounds there is a loss.

5. Young pigs should be fed a ration in which the flesh-producing material is more prominent than the heat or fat-producing.

6. The old saying, Grow the pig and then fat him, should be changed to, Grow the pig and then sell him.

7. By this system of feeding and selling, it is possible to raise two sets of pigs in twelve months.

8. The fertilizing value of the food consumed by the pig is equal to nearly one-half the value of the pork.

The six pigs in this experiment consumed 5,582 quarts of skim milk, 1,223 pounds of corn meal and 854 pounds of wheat bran. They gained 1,085¾ pounds in live weight, an average of 1.07 pound per pig each day. It required an average of 2.79 pounds of dry matter to each pound of gain in live weight.

The pigs fed were Berkshire, Chester White and Yorkshire.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Gapes in Fowls.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Would like to say to E. E. Utterback, who gave his opinion as to the cause and preventive of gapes, that it may all do very well in theory, but when it comes to practice, it won't work, as I know by eight years of actual experience for I always grease my young chicks to keep them from having gapes. I think the egg of a chicken louse always gives a perfect looking one. I do not think it ever passes through the larvæ and pupa state, as many insects do. All those who have had any experience with real gapes know that only chickens raised on certain places or farms have the disease, no matter how lousey they may be. Moving the chickens to a clean place does no good, for I removed a brood of mine to the back of a meadow, where no chickens had ever been, carried them food, and gave only pure, clear water from the well to drink, and they had gapes just as bad as those I kept near the house. All chickens raised on this place have had gapes as far back as the owner can remember. On the other hand I have repeatedly sent my chicks to other farms, when several days old, where they were fed and cared for, in all respects, as I do mine and not one had the gapes.

I have never yet found a sure preventive; but I find that by putting a little turpentine in all their food and drinking water, that only about one fourth of chickens have the disease; whereas before I used the turpentine almost every chicken had the disease.

I think the germ of the disease must be in the water, though in what way the worms are formed in windpipe I do not know. Would like the opinion of others on the subject.—MRS. L. B. CASWELL, Illinois.

On Setting Hens.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—When wishing to set a hen, she, by careful treatment, will set wherever one chooses. My way is to wait until three or four want to set, then when chicks are hatched give to one hen all she can well cover. In the first place have a tame hen—let eggs be in nest over night—which has a tendency to have them desire to set. If you want to move a hen from where she has been laying, get a box or barrel filled nearly with straw. If a box, then let it be deep enough to allow the hen to be covered by putting a board over top of box. Put the eggs in the nest, then when nearly dark, take the hen off her old nest very gently. In the meantime stroke her feathers and keep up a continual clucking by yourself, which will reassure her, clap your apron over her head, going with her to her new quarters, setting her on warm eggs and immediately covering the box and hen, putting on a stone so as to keep the cover in place. Know that she has had her supper and drink, then she will do for 24 hours. At about sunset the next day take her off, set her by feed and drink without letting her out of doors and she will be very apt to go on the nest herself, but if not, put her on, and as soon as sure of her setting then take out the few eggs, putting in such as you want her to set on.—MRS. C. BURGDORF.

Wants Information.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—When a person wants to start in the business, how can they tell the good qualities? There are the different strains and marks. Suppose some one asks, "are your chickens full blood?" You say, "I bought them for that; also, I paid a big price for my eggs." "Well," the reply is, "if I were certain they were pure I should buy some eggs of you." I see three advertisements of thoroughbreds, different strains, etc. Is there a book of every single kind describing points, origin, etc? I can raise them all right.—KANSAS FARMER.

[The Standard of Excellence gives all the points desired in pure-bred fowls.—ED.]

A Lover of Poultry.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I am a lover of poultry. People have a diversity of notions about chicken raising. I have mine. I have the old-fashioned stock of chickens, mixed with Brown Leghorn, Plymouth Rock and bantam. I would not exchange them for any fine bloods that I have ever tried. They are good layers and good mothers. Whether it shows good taste on the part of the owner or not, it shows good sense. When I work I want something for my labor.—HOOSIER, Texas.

Sprinkle the Nests With Sulphur.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I have been a reader of THE BLADE for nearly twenty years, and think it more interesting than ever since the "poultry boys" have begun to chip in. I agree with Mr. Heffner when he writes that the white Plymouth Rocks are superior to the Barred Rocks. Like the white Wyandotte, they have the same standard weights and symmetry, and are better layers and much better for table food than the darker ones. The breeder of the white varieties has no difficulty in breeding birds for the show pen, while it takes an expert to breed the others to win in a first-class show. If Mr. Pelt will sprinkle his nests with sulphur when he sets his lousey hens, he will not be bothered with lice on the chicks.

I beg leave to differ with him when he says the black Minorcas are not as good as the Spanish. The standard requires the Minorcas to weigh 8 pounds for the male and 6½ for the hen, while the Spanish have no weight given. The solid, white face of the Spanish, required by the standard, has been bred on at the expense of the former good qualities, and I hardly think they will ever be as popular as in years gone by.

The new breeds of poultry are as much superior to the old as the new varieties of grain that bring fancy prices are better than those that have had their day and been forgotton.—A. S. STILLMAN, New York.

To Prevent Chicken Cholera—Colic in Horses.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—To prevent chicken cholera, put asafœtida and leurs lye in watering trough. Keep away from other water. About two tablespoons of lye to two gallons of water. Sure preventive. Give teaspoon of soda and grain of black pepper to fowls already having cholera. Tried and proven good.

One-half gallon sweet milk, one-half pint lard, half teacup soda, melted together, will cure colic in horses. With vigorous rubbing they will be relieved in a few minutes.—S. B. WADKINS, Illinois.

Gapes in Young Chickens.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Mrs. B. asks in THE BLADE FARMSTEAD for a remedy for gapes in young chickens. I have one which has been used a good deal, and has never failed to effect a cure. Mix into one quart of corn meal one-half teaspoonful of turpentine. Wet the meal thoroughly with milk or water, not so it will pour out of the vessel, but so it will stick together when pressed in the hand. Feed this quantity every day for two or three days, then leave off, or rather leave out the turpentine for two or three days. If at that time there is no improvement, (but I think there will be) repeat the dose. In extreme cases I have caught the chicks and given one or two drops of the pure turpentine without anything with it. Take a good-sized broom splint, dip into the turpentine and let it drop into the mouth of the chicken. I have seen chickens cured in this way when, to appearances, they were about ready to die. Since using this remedy we have never lost any chicks with the gapes.—ELIZABETH.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

THE TRADE REVIEW.

Condition of Trade for the Past Week—Reports Encouraging.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, May 17, says: The stock market has rushed ahead until it has absorbed all the ready money within reach, and now some signs of reaction appear, with a little selling by foreign holders. Substantially, the same phenomena have been observed in the wheat and corn market, and in the market for pork products. Each has at hand a limited supply of money. When that supply is absorbed, whether by accumulation of stocks carried or by advancing prices, a reaction is natural.

The market for iron is feeble and the increased production is sufficient explanation. The Philadelphia market is now "waiting;" the Pittsburg market is less strong in tone, and sales of southern iron continue to push down prices at New York.

The reports from other cities are unfavorably encouraging. At Philadelphia in the leather and wool trades there is much activity, while the wool manufacturies is hindered by an apprehension of higher prices, and spinners take for immediate wants only. At Chicago, the dry goods sales exceed last year's, and payments are fair. St. Louis reports a good trade; at Cleveland active; at Milwaukee only fair; at St. Paul, improved by recent rains in the Northwest, where drought began to be feared; at Kansas City rather quiet, and at Omaha good, with easy money.

The monetary situation at New York has not been altogether satisfactory. The foreign trade of the port is more satisfactory than was expected, showing an increase over last year of $4,000,000 in exports for half of May, more than 20 per cent.

The business failures throughout the country during the past seven days number 212 as compared with 200 last week. For the corresponding period of last year the figures were 242.

WORK OF THE FROST.

Iowa Has Suffered to a Considerable Extent.

Reports from two-thirds of the counties of Iowa show that the past week has been unussually cold, and injurious frosts have appeared nearly every clear morning. The morning of the 16th there was a heavy frost, with ice in all parts of the state.

The full extent of the damage resulting therefrom is not yet ascertained, but it is evident that small fruit and tender vegetation in the gardens suffered materially.

There have been copious rains, greatly relieving the farmers who had begun to fear a drought. The general condition of crops throughout the state is not encouraging. Corn planting is nearly completed and the seed is germinating.

Canadian Crops.

The Canadian department of Agriculture, on May 16 issued a crop bulletin up to May 1. Fall wheat is patchy, but on the whole fair. The acreage of spring wheat is considerably in excess of last year. With regard to barley there is some apparent dissatisfaction among the Ontario farmers, owing, doubtless to the proposed increase of duty in the United States and the probability is the acreage of barley will be very much smaller than last year.

Frosts In Iowa.

There was a severe frost throughout Eastern Iowa on 16 May, and extending into Illinois. Ice froze to the thickness of a window pane. Vegetables and fruits were seriously damaged. Potatoes suffered most in Iowa. In Galena, Ill., the grape crop was ruined.

THE FARMERS WON.

They Can Build Elevators and Handle Their Own Grain.

The Nebraska Supreme court has decided the celebrated Elmwood elevator case. Something like a year ago the Farmers' Alliance, at Elmwood, appealed to the Missouri Pacific for the right to erect an elevator on the right of way at that place and was refused. It then carried the case to the state board of Transportation, and secured an order on the railroad to comply with the request.

The company refused to obey and Attorney General Lane, on behalf of the board and the Alliance, applied to the Supreme court for a writ of mandamus to compel the railroad company to respect the orders of the board. The court granted the writ, thus sustaining the action of the board.

The decision is regarded as an important one, as it settles the question of the power and jurisdiction of the board of Transportation over this class of cases. It also settles the right of the people to erect elevators at the company's stations, and be accorded equal shipping facilities with all others. This was a test case, on which the fate of fully a dozen other cases in various parts of the state depended.

Rates on Fruit.

A circular reducing the fruit rates from California to the east has been issued by the chairman of the Trans-Continental association at St. Louis, to go into effect on May 28. Special fast trains will also be run, and parties shipping seven carloads of fruit at one time can have them sent at the same speed as passenger trains by paying about one-third more than regular rates.

THE TARIFF DEBATE.

THE DEBATE CONTINUED.

The Houses Discusses the Bill for Amendments.

On May 13, after a long debate, during which Mr. Butterworth expounded his views on reciprocity with Canada, Mr. McMillin's amendment to reduce the duty on ammonia was defeated by the House. Mr. Niedringhaus, of Missouri, moved to amend by reducing the duty on refined borax from 5 to 3 cents per pound. Rejected—61 to 81. Mr. Tracey, of New York, moved to amend the section relating to coal tar preparations so as to reduce the duty from 20 to 10 per cent. Lost.

Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, attacked the paragraph relating to ethers, and asked for an explanation of the fact that in the case of those ethers not imported the committee had graciously made a reduction of 30 per cent, but had increased the tax on those ethers that were imported.

Mr. Dingley, of Maine, replied that, as the gentleman had assisted in the preparation of the Mills bill, which contained exactly the same language and figures, perhaps he could explain himself.

Mr. Biggs, of California, offered an amendment increasing the duty on olive oil from 35 cents to 50 cents a gallon. He advocated the protection of the olive oil industry in the interest of pure olive oil. He was a good Democrat, but he was not hidebound. His party was opposed to his amendment, but he, as an independent American citizen, advocated the proposition.

The amendment was rejected. Various other amendments were offered, but were rejected, and after considering thirteen of the 158 pages of the bill, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

When the House took up the question again on May 14, Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, moved to reduce the duty on common earthenware from 25 to 15 per cent ad valorem. He argued that taking this clause in connection with the customs administrative bill it would be found that the duty on earthenware would be increased from 10 to 50 per cent. After debate, Mr. Bynum's motion was defeated—68 to 86.

Mr. Dunnell, of Minnesota, moved to reduce the duty on china, porcelain, etc., from 55 to 35 per cent ad valorem. He thought that the time had come in the history of pottery manufacture when a reduction of duty might be made. The motion was lost—78 to 91.

Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, moved to reduce the duty on decorated chinaware from 60 to 45 per cent, stating that the 60 per cent duty was fixed when a person with the package clause of the administrative customs bill, amounted to a considerable increase from existing rates.

Mr. McKinley denied that the increase that would result from the package clause would be material. There might be an increase of about 5 per cent, but that increase was necessary to continue the existence of the china industry in this country. He held up a handsome piece of decorated ware, and said that we could not make such an article in this country before the tariff of 1883. Our people did not use that kind of ware; but he promised that under protection it would soon be placed within their reach.

Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, said that nothing better illustrated the difference between the parties on this question than the fine ware exhibited by the gentleman as compared with the old-fashioned blue-rimmed plate, saucer and cup that he had used in the last Congress to illustrate his argument. That ware—the poor man's ware—paid 60 per cent, although it was worth but one-tenth of the cost of the fine ware.

Mr. McKinley—"It is getting lower all the time."

Mr. Bynum—"Yes; the poor man has just discarded tin plates and begun to use common ware."

Mr. McMillin's motion was defeated.

Various other amendments looking to a reduction of the duty on earthenware and glassware were made on the Democratic side, but met with no success.

In the course of the discussion of one of these amendments, Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, alluded to a statement by Mr. Campbell, of Philadelphia, as manufacturer, arguing for protection from foreign labor while he was charged with importing foreign labor in violation of the contract labor law.

Mr. Bergen, of New Jersey, ventured to say that Mr. Campbell was a Democrat.

Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, said that on the contrary Mr. Campbell was an ardent supporter of Mr. Harrison.

Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania, testified to the good reputation enjoyed by Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Bynum denounced Campbell as a perjurer. Campbell had come before the ways and means committee and had held a consultation with the gentleman from West Virginia (Mr. Wilson) and himself; and then had gone away and made an affidavit which was false from beginning to end. If Campbell could be convicted in his (Mr. Bynum's) district, he would be in a prison cell to-day.

Mr. Bayne said that he would take Mr. Campbell's word as soon as he would take that of the gentleman from Indiana, and he knew them both. Campbell was the chosen representative of a large organization of reputable workingmen, and any insult or indignity offered to him was offered to them. He pledged his word for Mr. Campbell that he would be here and place his affidavit in the light in which it was to be held by the people who judicially examined the case. The people of the Republican districts were disgusted with the way the Democratic representatives there was no authority under the constitution for any member to assail the character and reputation of a citizen.

Mr. Bynum, of West Virginia, confirmed what the gentleman from Indiana had said. Campbell had an interview with the gentleman from Indiana and himself. He had then gone away and made an absolutely false affidavit, which were scattered over

fered by him (as to covering into the treasury the funds now held for the redemption of national bank notes), stating that the substitute was to the same effect, but in better form, having been prepared in the Treasury department.

Mr. Plumb's amendment to Mr. Sherman's amendment was then read. It is to insert the following:

"And hereafter no funds available for the payment of the public debt (including such as are kept for the redemption of treasury notes) shall be retained in the treasury in excess of $110,000,000."

Mr. Sherman opposed Mr. Plumb's amendment as putting a restraint upon the Treasury department and preventing it from paying government obligations as they became due. As $100,000,000 had to be reserved for redemption of treasury notes, it would leave only $10,000,000 for current business. The fiscal year ending on the public debt required the quarterly payment of $40,000,000, and that amount had to be on hand. It was utterly impossible to have the hands of the secretary of the Treasury tied up in such a manner. No bank would be allowed to do business that did not have a reserve of from 10 to 20 per cent to meet current liabilities.

Mr. Plumb defended and advocated the amendment offered by him. He argued that the Treasury department should have nothing whatever to do with the currency supply of the country. The secretary seemed to think himself the keeper and the banker of the financial institutions of the country, and that he had to take into account the barometrical condition of things in New York. He wished that the secretary would take into account the barometrical condition of other places than New York. The holding of money in the treasury (except for the needs of the government itself), which had been before that time in circulation, was an economic crime.

The discussion then turned on the monthly debt statements of the treasury. Mr. Ingalls asserting that he could find in them "astonishing, amazing and irreconcilable discrepancies," Mr. Sherman undertaking to explain them, and Mr. Allison giving his views upon them, coinciding generally with those of Mr. Sherman and saying that there was an erroneous but widespread belief in the country, particularly in the West, that there was an immense amount of government money standing idle in the treasury, while in fact the real surplus was, as stated by Mr. Sherman, $35,000,000.

On Monday.

In the Senate on May 19, the silver bill was again taken up, with Mr. Dolph on the floor. He thought that international bi-metalism was desirable. So far as he knew, there was not a member of the Senate who was not in favor of both gold and silver as money. In considering various plans proposed, he was satisfied that the plan proposed by the secretary of the Treasury was open to less and to fewer objections than any of the others. The purpose was to keep both gold and silver coin in circulation. He argued against the free coinage of silver as something that would stop the coinage of gold, but remarked that what he said in regard to free coinage did not apply necessarily to free coinage under an international agreement establishing a ratio between gold and silver.

At the close of Mr. Dolph's speech Mr. Teller criticised some points of it, and said that it would not do for that Senator or any other Senator to say with unction that he was for double standard or for silver and then favor measures the effect of which was absolutely destructive of silver as money. He did not propose that the country should be deceived into believing that the proposition which came from the finance committee meant silver at all. On the contrary, he asserted that it meant a single gold standard.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, it was ordered that the Senate bill subjecting imported liquors to the provisions of the laws of the several states should be taken up on Tuesday after the routine morning business.

OTHER CAPITAL NEWS.

THE FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Resume of Daily Proceedings for the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, May 13. Among the petitions presented and referred was one, by Mr. Quay, from business in Philadelphia, remonstrating against the increase of duty on dress goods under wholly or partly of wool.

Mr. Davis, from the committee on Pensions, reported back the House substitute for the Senate dependent pension bill with a written report, stating that the House substitute be non-concurred in and a conference asked. Agreed to. Messrs. Davis, Sawyer and Blodgett were appointed conferees on the part of the Senate.

The Senate then, at 1 p.m., resumed consideration of the silver bill, and Mr. Jones, of Nevada, continued the speech begun by him yesterday.

The House devoted the day to tariff discussion.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—Among the bills reported and placed on the calendar were the following: House bill to establish new harbor lines in Portage Lake, Houghton county, Mich. Senate bill subjecting imported liquors to the provisions of the laws of the several states. In connection with the latter bill Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, who reported it from the Judiciary committee, stated that he would ask the Senate to take it up for consideration at an early day.

Mr. Hoar (a member of the Judiciary committee) explained that the bill had been rendered necessary by the late decision of the Supreme court of the United States, holding that intoxicating liquors manufactured in one state and conveyed into another, and there sold in the manufacturer's original package, cannot be interfered with by states. The court had intimated that states could not pass such prohibitory or regulating statutes without the permission of Congress. He fully concurred in the purport of the bill; but he supposed that the principle of the court's opinion extended to other things than distilled spirits (no opium, for instance), and he should have preferred that the bill should have applied to all articles with which states might desire to prohibit the sale of. However, in order not to delay action in the matter, he had assented to the report of the bill.

Mr. Edmunds, also a member of the Judiciary committee, expressed the same idea. He was of the opinion that, philosophically, the bill ought to be a comprehensive one and to cover all the things that the states should have a right to forbid, as relating to health and safety; but, for the reason stated by Mr. Hoar, he had assented to the report of the bill limited to intoxicating liquors.

The House devoted the day to tariff discussion.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—In the Senate, the Silver bill was discussed.

The House devoted the day to tariff discussion, and at the evening session passed 130 private pension bills.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—In the Senate, the Silver bill was again discussed.

In the House, the tariff bill was discussed during the day, and at the evening session 71 private pension bills were passed.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The House bill for the establishment of new harbor lines on Portage Lake, Houghton county, Mich., was taken from the calendar and passed.

The bills on the calendar were taken up and the following, among others, were passed: To pay to the assignees of John Roach $385,840 for extra work on the monitor Puritan and $20,274 for the care of the monitor Roanoke; Senate bill to pay $20,000 to the daughters of Joseph Henry, late secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in compensation for his public services; House bill to amend the act of June 19, 1878, to aid vessels wrecked or disabled in waters coterminous to the United States and Canada.

The Senate bill appropriating $100,000 for a bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant in the city of Washington, having been reached on the calendar, Mr. Hoar suggested that an equestrian statue was hardly the proper mode of doing honor to Gen. Grant. Equestrian statues almost encumbered the city of Washington. He had hoped that when the great bridge across the Potomac at Arlington (crossing the boundary line between the two sections of the country) was erected, as it would be, a suitable memorial be placed on it of Lincoln and Grant as an emblem of the united country which they had helped to save and preserve united and free.

Mr. Edmunds said that whatever he might believe on the subject of public buildings he believed that a memorial should be raised to the memory of Gen. Grant, that great and just man. He therefore hoped that, however inadequate in the long and final sense this equestrian statue might be, and however much Congress might desire, by and by, on some memorial bridge or arch, to pay further respect to his memory, this simple thing would be done now. He would suggest, however, to omit the word "equestrian" and to let the bill provide simply for a monument and statue. He made that motion and it was agreed to. The bill was further amended by increasing the appropriation to $300,000 and as so amended the bill was passed.

In the House Mr. Bynum was censured at the bar for using unparliamentary language, which censure he said he considered as a decoration of honor. The discussion leading up to this action was very heated.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—In the Senate the silver bill was discussed, and in the House the tariff bill took up the entire day.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

The Judgment Annulling the Charter of the Mormon Church Upheld.

The Supreme court of the United States rendered an opinion of vital interest to the Mormon church, on May 20, in the suit of the Church of the Latter Day Saints against the United States, on an appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court of Utah in favor of the United States. This court affirms that judgment. The case grows out of the passage of the Edmunds anti-polygamy law by the Forty-ninth Congress.

This law, among other things, dissolved the Mormon church corporation, annulled its charter, directed the appointment of a receiver to wind up its affairs and escheated to the United States all the real estate owned by the church in excess of $50,000 which was not on the date of the passage of the act held for purposes of worship or burial. When the United States under the terms of this act began proceedings to confiscate about $750,000 worth of property belonging to the church the Mormons immediately entered suit to have the Edmunds law declared unconstitutional.

It was argued before the Supreme Court in their behalf that Congress, by the dissolution of the church corporation, had assumed judicial powers, and that the act of the legislative assembly of Utah incorporating the church constituted a contract which could not be impaired by Congress under its authority to repeal territorial enactments. It was also held that the doctrine of escheat was alien to the spirit of free institutions, and that it had never been applied in this country to a church or charitable corporation. On the part of the United States it was contended that Congress had authority to repeal all territorial enactments; that the act incorporating the church was invalid, as an attempt to establish a religion contrary to the provisions of the constitution, and that, moreover, the charter should be annulled for abuse of the granted rights. As, when the church corporation was dissolved, there was no one to whom to turn over the property, it was property escheated to the United States.

NOMINATIONS.

The Latest Appointments to Office by the President.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations on May 14:

Samuel L. Gracey, of Massachusetts, to be United States consul at Cardiff; William Gow, jr., assistant appraiser of merchandise at Philadelphia. Pay Inspector Edwin Stewart, U. S. N., chief of the bureau of provisions and clothing, and paymaster-general in the department of the navy, with the rank of commodore. Pension agents—Wm. H. Osborne, Boston; John C. Currier, San Francisco.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations on May 19:

Collectors of customs—George B. Sawyer, district of Wiscasset, Maine; George Christ, district of Arizona.

THE BREWERS TO MEET

In National Convention to do Battle Against Prohibition.

TOLEDO BLADE BUREAU, WASHINGTON, May 19.—(Special.)—The brewers of the United States meet here in convention this week. They are very much disturbed over temperance agitation and have arranged a campaign which will do its utmost to influence Congress against anything like sober legislation. They will do their best to impress Congress with their power. The call for the convention is an interesting one. It is as follows:

"COLLEAGUES AND FRIENDS:—The thirtieth convention of the United States association will be held at Washington, D. C. We are forcibly convinced by all that has occurred within the past year that our enemies, who, during the last four or five years, have suffered so many defeats at the polls, now strenuously seek to cripple our industry by unfriendly state and national legislation.

"In the Congress of the United States as well as in the legislatures of many states, attempts are being made to place all manner of obstructions against the growth of our business. Increased duties upon some raw materials and a separate tax on others; regulations relating to the method of brewing, prohibiting the use of some of the most necessary raw materials; investigation of the business by partisan commissions; official inspection of breweries at the brewers' expense; limitation of the number of retailers, are only a few of the numerous endeavors of our enemies to injure our interests. In view of the sudden change in the tactics of our enemies by which they seek to succeed unfairly in that which they could not bring about through the ballot box, it behooves each one connected with our industry or interested therein, to attend our next convention.

"We therefore urge upon you the necessity of assisting us in every possible manner, but principally by your counsel and earnest and active assistance in carrying out the resolutions and regulations which must be adopted at Washington, D. C."

BYNUM CENSURED

For Blackguardly Language on the Floor of the House.

In discussing the tariff bill in the House Saturday, Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania, presented a letter from James Campbell, of Pittsburg, which denounced Bynum, of Indiana, in bitter terms. The chair ruled the letter in order, and as Bynum had said that Campbell was a liar and perjurer, he added, with emphasis, that the same language applied to the man (Bayne) who stood on the floor as the mouthpiece of the man from Pittsburg. A wild scene ensued, and the House ordered that Bynum be brought to the bar and censured for his violation of the rules in using unparliamentary language. The Speaker censured him, and Bynum replied that under the circumstances he accepted the censure of the House as a declaration of honor. It was a stormy session, and adjournment did not take place until 10:30 o'clock p. m.

In the House on Monday Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, made a statement concerning the controversy between Mr. Bayne, Mr. Bynum and himself about the Campbell affidavit. He asked Mr. Bayne if he endorsed the charges contained in Campbell's letter, so far as they applied to him (Wilson) and Mr. Bayne replied, expressing regret that the controversy should have occurred, and denied that he intended any reflection on either Bynum or Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson then said he had no further statement to make and the subject was dropped.

Sherman's Amendment.

Senator Sherman submitted an amendment intended to be proposed by him to the pending silver bill. It provides that the balances standing to the credits of national banks for deposits made to redeem circulating notes, shall be covered into the treasury as a miscellaneous receipt, and the treasury shall redeem the circulating notes of the banks which may come into its possession, subject to redemption. The amendment also provides that upon the certificate of the comptroller of the currency that such notes have been received by him and destroyed, and that no new notes will be issued in their place, reimbursement of the amount shall be made to the treasury from an appropriation created by this amendment, to be known as a "national bank note redemption account."

Chickamauga Park.

Owing to the fact that the Chickamauga park bill, in common with much other business which has been favorably reported to the House, was temporarily postponed by the tariff debate, the secretary of War cannot send an officer at present to take official note of positions which might be fixed by the parties which have been forming to visit the Chickamauga field during the present month. Until an officer can attend, the time and money of private parties will be wasted, since, however well satisfied those visiting the field should be of positions they might locate, they could not be accepted because no official record would exist of the authority on which they were fixed. Two months later the situation will be different.

Can Buy Beer.

The secretary of War has amended paragraph 329 of the army regulations, as follows: "The sale of ardent spirits or wines in canteens is strictly prohibited; but the commanding officer is authorized to permit light beer to be sold therein by the drink, on week days, and in a room used for no other purpose, and, when practicable, in a building apart from that in which a canteen is located, whenever he is satisfied that the giving to the men the opportunity of obtaining such beverages within the post limits has the effect of preventing them from resorting for strong intoxicants to places without such limits and tends to promote temperance and discipline among them. The practice of what is known as 'treating' must not be permitted."

McCalla Suspended.

The suspension of Lieutenant Commander McCalla, for three years, for brutal treatment of seamen under his command, and the retention of his number, is regarded among naval officers as the severest punishment which could be imposed on an officer late in life.

His lineal number in his grade is 55. During the three years of suspension at least eight of his juniors will pass him each year, and at the end of the time he will be practically at the foot of the class.

Civilians do not think the punishment at all harsh. McCalla will have nothing to do for the three years and he will be paid $2,300 a year for doing it. The sentence may ultimately result in throwing him so far down on the list as to prevent his being retired as a commodore.

International American Railway.

The President has sent to the Senate a letter of the secretary of State submitting the plan for a preliminary survey for a railway line to connect the principal cities of the American hemisphere, in accordance with the recommendations of the Pan-American conference. The President recommends prompt action by Congress to enable this government to participate in the promotion of the enterprise. The share of the United States in the cost of the survey will be $65,000.

THE PENSION BILL.

The Senate Disagrees—The House Insists on the Morrill Bill.

In the senate on May 13, Mr. Davis, with the unanimous concurrence of the other members of the Senate Pension committee, submitted a report recommending that the senate do not agree to amendments made by the house to the senate dependent pension bill.

Senator Davis makes along written report upon the differences between the two Houses. It says that, in the opinion of the Senate committee, the two measures are entirely irreconcilable, and in the committee's judgment the House bill is wholly inadequate. The House provision benefits those who do not need a pension at the expense of those who are in absolute need. It is the opinion of the Senate committee that it is the duty of the government, before entering upon any other pension legislation, to provide for the needs of the disabled and dependent soldiers in the most liberal manner possible. The Senate bill was framed upon this theory. Its object is relief to the necessitous and not to those who do not need.

The report then says that the service pension is a matter which should not be involved with a disability bill. A service pension is a matter requiring the most careful consideration in order that justice may be done both to the soldier and to the country. Estimates prepared by Captain Ainsworth, of the adjutant general's office, show that the approximate aggregate cost of a service pension, upon a basis of sixty-two years as the age limit, will be $1,182,095,525.

Upon a basis of sixty years, the cost will be $1,338,109,889. Of this amount $529,661,024 must be paid before the end of the year 1915, and the average annual payment would be $41,523,732. It should be stated, however, that these estimates are subject to an annual reduction of $1,174,000 due to 25,500 of the pensioners now already on the rolls at $4.33 a month on the average.

These estimates are materially greater than those of the House committee, but the senate committee adopts them because they seem to be based on valid reasons and because all experience has shown that pension estimates have heretofore invariably fallen below the actual cost.

The committee do not believe the service pension would give satisfaction to the soldier. It is preferential and invidious. It is a tontine measure. It places the man who served 90 days upon the same footing with him who served four years. It compels the youth who enlisted at 18, losing his opportunity for education, and who was discharged a veteran at 20, to wait twelve years before this claim for recognition will be entertained. It is the committee's opinion that whenever it is deemed wise to inaugurate a system of service pensions, it should be done for the benefit of all living soldiers who are honorably discharged, and that the rate of pension should be graded according to length of service.

The estimates submitted to the committee respecting the average term of service vary from 18 to 25 months. On this basis the annual charge would be $66,828,595, the estimate, however, being largely conjectured. With regard to the proposed repeal of the arrears act, the committee state that the secretary of the Interior estimates that it would require $216,220,200 to pay the claims allowed between the date the arrears limitation went into effect and January 1, 1886, and $225,145,200 to pay arrears of all claims still pending. These estimates do not apply to claims filed since the beginning of 1889.

In the House, on the 14th, on motion of Mr. Morrill, of Kansas, the House insisted on its amendment to the Senate dependent pension bill, and a conference was ordered.

MISS BLAINE'S WEDDING.

Mr. Walter Damrosch the Happy Man—The Ceremony.

The notable coaching tour which Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave three years ago, with Mr. Blaine as his guest of honor, was productive of much political gossip, but for once Mrs. Grundy was behind hand, and it is only within the last year that the social aspect of the coaching event has been brought to light.

Mr. Walter Damrosch and Miss Margaret Blaine were the two young people carrying out the resolutions and regulations which must be adopted at Washington, D. C."

Although Miss Blaine was confirmed the Sunday before Easter at St. John's church, and although that is the church that the "ultras" most affect, the rector was given the cold shoulder, and the Rev. Dr. Hamlin, of the Church of the Covenant, (the administration church), was chosen to officiate at the ceremony.

The ceremony, which was performed at the Blaine mansion, was as quiet and unostentatious as was possible in the case of a family occupying so distinguished a position. There were not many guests at the ceremony—just a few friends of the family and such prominent officials as could not be ignored. The President and family and all the members of the Cabinet and their wives and daughters were invited; likewise the leading members of the diplomatic corps.

There were no bridemaids, no best man, no ushers, no music, but the floral display was something magnificent. The bridal coupled entered the grand drawing-room together, and took their places upon a great rug made of white flowers with a border of ferns, and under a large floral bower and canopy of the same exquisite design.

Of the presents the biggest was the joint offering of the diplomatic corps. It is a magnificent solid silver tea service, and one of the most superb in the city. Next to the diplomatic gift the handsomest present is that of Mr. and Mrs. Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, who send all the small pieces of silver that can possibly be used on the modern table. There are twelve dozen pieces in all, and a bride more richly dowered has rarely received so fine a gift. They were purchased in Philadelphia, and comprise one dozen oyster knives, one dozen fish knives, one dozen dinner knives, one dozen asparagus knives, and the complement of forks for each set; one dozen teaspoons, one dozen salad spoons, one dozen dessert spoons, and one dozen coffee spoons, and in addition all the odd and single small pieces that are needed. The gift is said to have cost over $1,000.

Miss Margaret Blaine is accomplished and womanly, but is very plain. She has her father's prominent nose, an abnormally high forehead for a woman, and she is tall and angular. Her hair is dark and her complexion sallow. She is fond of out-door life. Her horsemanship is the envy of the young ladies of her set. She can keep a base ball score and has been known to bet gloves and caramels on races. When in Scotland somebody presented her with a monstrous mastiff. That dog is her guardian by day and night. In fact, the dog is as well known a figure in Washington as the secretary of State himself.

Mr. Damrosch is a familiar figure to frequenters of German opera. He may be said to be a musician by birth. His father had long been the leader of the New York Philharmonic orchestra, and when the German Opera company was brought over here a few years ago he became its musical director. In the midst of a successful season of Wagnerian opera Dr. Damrosch died, and almost upon the instant the boyish figure of Walter Damrosch appeared in his place among the musicians, baton in hand. From the first he led the music like a veteran. He wears his hair (which is decidedly blonde) long and brushed back over his ears. He is probably twenty-eight to thirty years of age.

There is no Federal Election-Silver Combine in Existence.

Democratic senators indignantly repudiate the published assertions that there is any agreement or understanding between them and extreme silver men, or the Republican side, that if the Democrats will go the full length in favor of free coinage and legal tender for silver, Republicans in return will oppose any attempt of their party to pass a federal election law.

National Election Law.

A national election law was declared to be a necessity by those who addressed the meeting, on May 19, of the Ohio Republican association held at Grand Army Hall. Mr. A. F. Childs, chief clerk of the Census office, presided. Speeches were made by Col. Whitfield, second assistant postmaster general; Representatives Thompson, Williams and Grosvenor. Elections in the South was the leading topic.

The Kemmler Case.

The Supreme court on May 20 heard the argument in the Kemmler case, being addressed by Mr. Roger Sherman, in support of the view that the electrical execution law is unconstitutional.

The Supreme court then adjourned until Friday without having decided the Kemmler case.

Received in Russia.

Mr. Charles Emory Smith, the new American minister to Russia, presented his credentials to the czar on May 14. The czarina subsequently gave an audience to Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

Convicted a Second Time.

W. D. Nelson, pardoned in 1888 by President Cleveand for living in polygamy, was convicted at Salt Lake on May 16 before Judge Zane, of the same offense and given sentence to the full extent of the law—six months imprisonment and $300 fine and costs.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.

The General Assembly in Session in Saratoga.

The Presbyterian General Assembly was opened at Saratoga, N. Y., on May 15 by the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, the session being a praise and worship meeting. The regular business session began at 3 p. m. Between one and two thousand persons were in attendance at the opening.

After talking at great length on the revision of the faith, Rev. Dr. Butler, the retiring moderator, said:

"These doctrines have been drawn out of God's Word in such a way as to forbid the making of any essential changes in them, without doing violence to that Word."

The Report on the Question of a Revision of the Faith.

At the session of the Presbyterian general assembly on May 16, the standing committees were appointed, and then the committee on the liquor traffic in the Congo state reported that they had tried to get Congress to use its influence against the traffic, but as the United States was not a party to the Berlin treaty no action was to be secured at present.

It was voted to accept the report and discharge the committee. It was also voted that the action by the Presbyteries on the question of revision be referred to a special committee.

One hundred and thirty-two Presbyterians had favored the proposed revision, sixty-six opposed it, seven had declined to act and eight had not reported.

Judge Wilson, a member of the committee on revision, but not of the assembly, was requested to explain the action of the committee.

The committee on the board of Publication and Sabbath School work made its report, recommending the purchase of a plant for printing and making books and periodicals.

The committee on methods of effecting changes in the Confession of Faith and the constitution of the church reported on the 16th. The report says:

First—That since the difference of opinion as to the methods of amendment of the Confession of Faith and the larger and shorter catechisms are so marked and widespread that it is unwise to raise the issues involved in the General Assembly.

Second—That this church has always considered its doctrines of such vital importance that changes in the doctrinal standards should be made under greater restrictions than changes or alterations in the form of government, the book of discipline and the directory of worship.

Third—That the methods of doctrinal alteration should be included in the constitution itself and in definite terms.

Fourth—That the church, speaking officially through the presbyteries, can alone determine with authority the questions at issue, and therefore the committee recommends that the questions be transmitted to the presbyteries, whether there shall be added to the forms of government chapter xxiii, of amendments providing:

1. For the proposal by the General Assembly to the presbyteries of amendments or alterations of the form of government, book of discipline and directory for worship, but that these shall not be obligatory unless a majority of all the presbyteries approve in writing.

2. That alterations in the doctrinal standards shall not be proposed to the presbyteries unless they shall have been under consideration for one year by a committee of not less than fifteen ministers and ruling elders, not more than two of whom shall be from any one synod.

3. No alteration shall be made in the provisions in this chapter for changes in the doctrinal standards unless an overture from the General Assembly submitting the proposed alterations shall be transmitted to all presbyteries to be approved in writing by two-thirds of them.

IV.—The General Assembly must transmit to the presbyteries any overtures submitted to it by two-thirds of all the presbyteries.

V. Any amendment so submitted and approved shall go into effect immediately after the General Assembly shall have certified the fact.

Rev. J. T. Smith, D. D., reported on the 17th, for the committee on the revision of the text of the confession of faith and catechisms, that they had completed their work on the confession, and asked to be continued for that on the catechism, which was done.

The board of Relief for disabled ministers and widows and orphans of deceased ministers, presented its 35th annual report. The number of beneficiaries on the roll is 624,241 ministers, 358 widows and 93 orphan families, with one widow of a medical missionary. At the ministers' home, at Perth Amboy, N. J., eighteen families were cared for, making a total of 642 families, 27 more than last year.

The income of the board from all sources was $150,245 for the year, and the expenditures $143,982 for the same period, leaving a balance of $15,263.

A resolution was adopted urging the churches to raise not less than $150,000 and the retiring elders were exhorted to see that this was done.

After the minutes and various bills and overtures were read and referred, on May 19, Dr. Kempshall moved that the report of the committee on methods of altering the constitution be referred back to a committee, enlarged by seven new members, fairly representing both sides with instructions to report as early as possible to this assembly.

This was seconded by Dr. Patton and opposed by Dr. Roberts, chairman of the committee, who thought that the matter had not been sufficiently debated. Dr. Kempshall thought the reference back would prevent waste of time and perhaps serious and lasting dissension. Dr. Patton said he had seconded the motion in the interests of harmony. He thought such an enlarged committee could secure substantial unanimity.

On May 20, the board of Missions for Freedmen made its 25th annual report through the Rev. E. D. Morris, D. D., of Cincinnati, who said twenty-five years ago we had no church, school, educated colored preacher or teacher, while to-day finds us with 245 churches, 78 schools, 117 colored preachers and 133 colored teachers, and not less than 500,000 freedmen are now reached by their good influence. The receipts of the board during the year were $176,000, a gain over last year of $41,000. The freedmen themselves have given toward the support of their own churches and schools $40,000. Nine new churches have been organized. In the Carolinas the emigration of the negroes to the West has depleted many of our churches. In Georgia the colored population is increasing rapidly and is now about 900,000, and in no state, except perhaps Texas, are negroes getting property so fast.

The Rev. R. H. Allen, D. D., secretary of the board, followed in earnest advocacy of larger giving and interest for the elevation of this race. He said there was serious trouble ahead unless this was done. Six hundred negro children are born in the South every day, and in less than ten years they will be in the majority in eight states, and their votes before long will be cast and counted. Forty-five dollars will support a girl for a year in Scotia seminary, which has already graduated 200 girls, only seven of whom have failed to do well.

BOUGHT BY THE STANDARD.

The Chicago Gas Trust Gobbled up by Eastern Money.

The Chicago Gas trust, according to information, believed to be reliable, is no longer controlled by Chicago men, but has passed into the Standard Oil company, which now own a majority of the stock. On May 1 gas trust stock was quoted at 48¼. Yesterday it sold at 65, and this in the face of the fact that many of the men here who were supposed to be on the inside were selling it short, some of them as low as 58. Close insiders have been nonplussed at the rise, and it is fair to say that Chicago is not in the deal that has caused the stock to make the jump. The Standard Oil company will hereafter control the gas business in Chicago, and it is said it proposes to lay mains and pump natural gas into the city from the fields it controls Indiana and Ohio.

Lady Riding Astride.

Miss Nellie Kittel, a charming Virginia girl, has set all New York society to gossiping by riding a spirited horse astride through Central Park. Miss Kittel says it is her favorite way of riding, and that to ride any other way is cruelty to a horse, as well as being damaging to a woman's health.

Vermont's Commissioners.

The governor has appointed as members from Vermont to the World's Fair commission, Dr. Henry S. McIntyre, of Randolph, and Col. H. B. Smalley, of Burlington; alternates, Col. Aldace F. Walker, of Rutland, and Hiram Atkins, of Montpelier.

Bogoslov Active.

News has reached can Francisco by letter from Port Blinlink, Onalaska, that Bogoslov, the Alaskan volcano that blazed and smoked for some time, about seven years ago, is again active.

CARLISLE IS SENATOR.

He Receives 107 Votes Against 15 in the Joint Session.

At the joint meeting of the Kentucky Legislature on May 17, Senator Lindsay placed John G. Carlisle in nomination in a brief speech of admirable taste, in which he paid a graceful tribute to the choice of the Democratic caucus.

Mr. Langley, for the Republican caucus, nominated Hon. Silas Adams, the representative from Casey county. The ballot then proceeded, 107 votes being cast for Carlisle and fifteen for Adams. Senator Carlisle left for Washington tonight. He will not present his credentials in the Senate till after the vote on the tariff bill in the House.

[Mr. Carlisle was born in Campbell (now Kenton) county, Ky., September 5, 1835. He resides at Covington. He began life possessed of no educational advantages beyond those gained at the common school, but he worked his way and an early age assumed the duties of a public schoolteacher. His leisure time was employed in reading law, and when opportunity favored his aspirations he entered an office at Covington, and thoroughly qualified himself for admission to the bar. He was admitted in 1858, when 23 years of age, and has ever since devoted that portion of his time not given to the public service to the practice of his profession. In 1859 he was elected a member of the Kentucky house of representatives. Nominated in 1864 as presidential elector on the Democratic ticket, he declined the honor. In 1866 he was elected to the senate of his native state, and again in 1869. He was present as a delegate-at-large from Kentucky at the National Democratic convention held in New York city in 1868. His nomination for the lieutenant governorship of Kentucky, in 1871, caused him to resign his seat in the State senate. He was elected to the lieutenant governorship in August, 1871, and served until September, 1875. His fellow-citizens made him presidential elector-at-large for Kentucky in the year 1876. He was subsequently elected to the House of Representatives at Washington, and was chosen speaker of the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses.]

ORIGINAL PACKAGES.

A Test Case Well on Its Way to Settlement.

A test case to determine the full extent of the "original package" decision has been started in Des Moines, Iowa, on its way to settlement by the highest tribunal. It is entitled "State of Iowa vs. Perry Chambers."

The case was tried in a justice court, in which the defendent admitted that he kept the liquor in controversy for the purpose of sale by the bottle, the glass, or in such quantities as his patrons might desire, but denied, under the recent decision by the Supreme court of the United States, that he was thereby violating any law of Iowa.

The court, after hearing the argument of counsel, took the matter under advisement and on May 16 decided that the defendant had no right to sell, except in the original packages in which the liquor was imported; that the liquor in controversy was kept for sale in violation of law, and ordered it forfeited. An appeal was taken to the district court.

TO MAKE A TEST CASE.

Holyoke Liquor Dealers to Sell in Original Packages.

Ex-Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, ho has been employed by a syndicate of Holyoke unlicensed liquor dealers to look up the constitutionality of the "original package" law, handed his opinion to his Holyoke clients on May 15. He holds that the selling of liquor in original packages is legal.

He says the local authorities may seize the "stuff," the lower court convict, and an appeal be made to the Superior court, which will probably sustain the lower court, but when taken to the Supreme court there is no questioning that such decisions will be overruled. Acting on this advice some ten Holyoke dealers will make a test case.

A PROHIBITION VICTORY.

A Case Where the Devil Was Fought With Fire.

Covington, the saloon town across the river from Sioux City, Iowa, about which so much has been written, was entirely consumed by fire on the morning of May 16. Last January all the buildings on the west side of the only street were burned, and Friday's blaze took all those on the east side. Nine buildings were burned. Six of them were occupied by saloons. Very little of the contents was saved. The loss is about $16,000; insured for less than half. There is no probability that the town will be rebuilt.

TOWNSHIP LOCAL OPTION.

Two Important Cases to be Argued in the Ohio Supreme Court.

The Ohio Supreme court has advanced on the docket and assigned for argument on June 18, the cases of the village of Van Wert against Martin Brown, and the State against Peter Rouch. Both of those cases involved identically the same point, and call in question the validity of the township local option law and the clause of the Dow law providing for local option in villages, and have been held to be unconstitutional in the lower courts of Van Wert and Wayne counties.

TARIFF PRIZES.

The Report of the Judges Made Public To-day.

In conformity with the report of the judges, the American protective tariff league hereby announces the award of prizes to senior college students of 1890 for essays on the subject, "The application of the American policy of protection to American shipping engaged in international commerce."

The first prize of $150 has been awarded to John Ford, Cornell university, New York. The second prize of $100 has been awarded to Carrie R. Gaston, Swarthmore college, Swarthmore, Pa. The third prize of $50, has been awarded to Thomas A. T. Spillane, Bowdoin college, Brunswick, Me. A silver medal for a meritorious essay has been awarded to W. H. Young, Brown university, Providence, R. I.

WINGS OF THE WIND.

From Chicago to New York in Twenty-five Hours.

A new limited train which will make the run between Chicago and New York in 25 hours, was put on, beginning on May 18, by the Michigan Central and the New York Central railways. The train is to be known as the "North Shore Limited."

The west-bound train from New York to Chicago leaves the Grand Central depot at 4:50 p. m., arriving at Chicago at the same hour the next day. Going east the train leaves Chicago at 12:20 in the afternoon. Every car composing the new train was specially constructed for the Michigan Central, and each combines every improvement and luxury known in the building of cars.

A Mine Cave-in.

A cave-in occurred on May 15, near Ashley, Pa., in No. 8 mine, operated by the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal company, by which 25 men were entombed in the mine.

The present cave extends over a half mile square, and includes a portion of the thickly settled village called Mafatt's Patch. A large number of houses have gone down with the surface, but only a few of them have been badly damaged.

The following is a list of men who are known to be imprisoned: John Hansen, Anthony Frane, Michael Schalley, John Schalley, John Allen, assistant fire boss; Michael Henry, Charles James, Frank Gallagher, Robert Roberts, Harry Jones, Ellis Williams, Owen Williams, Daniel Sullivan, Thomas Williams, John Penning, Anthony Frale, Harry Perry and son, Owen Perry, Thomas Clauss, John James and four Hungarian laborers.

A Gospel Ship.

A steam launch, capable of holding fifteen people, has just been completed in Boston for the American board of Commissioners for foreign missions, and was given a trial on May 15. The boat is intended for use by Rev. F. E. Rand, in missionary work among the Caroline Islands, and will be shipped to him as soon as possible.

Working Green Goods.

Fred Miller, son of ex-Detective Miller, well known to followers of the races and sporting men generally throughout the country, was arrested by United States Postoffice inspectors on May 14, in Alexandria, Va., charged with using the mails for fraudulent purposes. It is alleged that he sent out circulars seeking purchasers for counterfeit money.

INSURRECTION IN BRAZIL.

A Breaking Out of Popular Discontent on Account of the New Banking Laws.

A rising of the people against the government took place on May 13 at Porto Alegre, in the province of Rio Grande de Sul. A portion of the troops fraternized with the people. The outbreak was suppressed by the people and the troops who remained loyal. During the fighting a number of persons were wounded. The governor of the province has resigned. The primary cause of the disorders is alleged to have been popular discontent over the new banking laws instituted by Dr. Barbosa, the minister of Finance.

The Southern Insurrection.

It is officially announced that the new constitution of Brazil will be promulgated by decree and afterward will be submitted to the assembly for ratification. No further news has been received of the revolutionary outbreak in Rio Grande do Sol. The telegraph line is controlled by the government.

Emin Pasha.

Private letters from Emin Pasha go to show that he has no intention of returning to the equatorial province, and will devote himself to advancing the interests of Baganayo and Lake Tanganyika. The khedive's government is making investigations as to Emin's management of the province, and the evidence taken goes to prove that Emin was not faithful to the Egyptian government, but devoted himself to confirming his own power, and was willing to enter into an engagement with the Mahdi.

The Drouth in Cuba.

The great drouth, in Cuba, in some measure so favorable to sugar manufacturing, heavily interferes with labor in the fields, and cane planting for next year has been delayed so long that it will be difficult, if not impossible to retrieve the lost time.

He Might as Well.

Gen. Boulanger has written a letter from the Island of Jersey in which he says that he no longer desires any intermediary between himself and his supporters, and he, therefore, dissolves the Boulangist national committee.

Russia Buying Ammunition.

The ammunition factory at St. Etienne, France, has received an order from the Russian government for a quantity of cartridges loaded with smoke less powder equal to a supply for 1,000,000 rifles.

Russian Affairs.

The czar has decided upon Theodosia as the future commercial port of the Crimea. King Humbert has sent a telegram to the czar, expressing thanks for the attention shown the prince of Naples.

French Imports.

The French board of Trade returns for April show an increase in imports of 5,677,000 francs and an increase in exports of 21,057,000 francs.

FIRST OF ITS KIND.

A Suit Begun to Take Citizenship Papers Away.

A suit was begun in the United States Circuit court at St. Louis on May 14, which being the first one of its kind ever brought in this country, will attract considerable attention. It is instituted by Attorney-General Miller, through United States District Attorney Reynolds, of that district, and is to annul the record of the naturalization of Fred F. Norsch in the court of criminal correction, on the ground that the certificate of naturalization was fraudulently obtained, and that therefore Norsch is still an alien.

Norsch is one of the several hundred foreigners who are alleged to have been fraudulently naturalized there previous to the election two years ago, their papers having been secured by false evidence given by persons who testified as to their qualifications to become citizens. Several of these persons have been convicted of giving false testimony, but that does not disturb the status of the men who received the naturalization papers, and so long as the record of the issuance of these certificates exist in the court, the holders of them can claim citizenship, vote and demand and receive the protection of the government.

HAD TO GIVE WAY.

A Landmark of the Chicago Fire to Be Razed.

The Ogden residence, the most conspicuous landmark of Chicago's great fire, is to be razed. The work of demolition began on May 19. The old house, on Oak street, near Clark, surrounded by forest trees, a frame structure, and set far back from the street in the center of a square, was the only building in the miles of the fire-devastated district that escaped destruction by the flames in 1871.

It was then one of the handsomest dwellings in the city, but for some time past has been uno